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THE SHIPWRECK,

by W. Falconer.

with a Sketch of his life.

The art of Dancing,

by Soame Jenyns.

The Progress of Love &c.

by Lord Lyttelton.



Paris.

Published.

by Parsons and Galignani.

1806.

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A SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM FALCONER.

THE obscurity in which the early part of the life of William Falconer is involved precludes us from detailing memoirs and anecdotes of him anterior to the year 1751, or even his education. Scotland has the honour of giving birth to this extraordinary genius, who, rising superior to every impediment which surrounded him, displayed his poetic powers at a very early age in a small poem which he published at Edinburgh in the year 1751, on the death of the Prince of Wales, under the title of—“A Poem, sacred to the memory of the Prince of Wales.”

From this time till the year 1762 we have no traces of his genius; he then published his beautiful poem of “The Shipwreck, in three Cantos, by a Sailor.” The main subject of this masterly composition is a descriptive account of the voyage of the *Britannia*, a merchantman, from Alexandria in Egypt to Venice. After touching at the isle of Candia, she

A

was proceeding on her voyage, when she encountered a violent storm that drove her on the coast of Greece, near Cape Colonna, where she unfortunately suffered shipwreck, three only of the crew escaping with their lives. This admirable poem, which has fixed his fame on the solid basis of universal approbation, partakes more of the effusions of fancy than the labours of art, which he displays in new and original scenes, taken from nature and his own actual observation, and enriched with all the variety of description that can charm, interest, and impress the mind of the reader. He displays an ample combination of nautical ability in a language conformable to marine technical terms, embellished with all the spontaneous flow and smooth harmony of verse.

The Author inscribed this poem to the late Duke of York, next brother to his Majesty, then an officer in the Royal Navy — That he was exposed to all the complicated horrors he so forcibly and pathetically describes, appears from several parts of this poem, and more particularly from the motto

—————quæque ipse miserrima vidi,

Et quorum pars magna fui—————

This performance met with a reception highly

flattering to our Author's reputation. He was now patronized by the Duke of York, to whom he addressed—"An Ode on his second Departure from England as Rear Admiral—" and, emerging from the obscurity of his former situation, was appointed Purser of the Royal George man of war.

"The Demagogue," a satirical piece, was his next avowed publication, in which he attacks with acrimony the public conduct of the late Lord Chatham, who, at that time, espoused Mr. Wilkes, then under prosecution by government for a libel.

The favourable reception his poem of "The Shipwreck" met with, induced him, in 1764, to publish a new edition, enlarged with upwards of a thousand lines, containing new descriptions, characters, &c.

In 1769 his "Marine Dictionary" made its appearance; a work of much ingenuity, and replete with information for such as wish to acquire a proficiency in naval architecture or nautical knowledge.

A third edition of his "Shipwreck" with alterations and additions appeared soon afterwards, which again added to the reputation he had before acquired.

In this year, 1769, an advantageous prospect presenting itself to his view in the East Indies, he

embarked on board the Aurora frigate, in company with several East India supercargoes, for Bengal; but from the time the ship left the Cape of Good Hope, in December 1769, no information whatever being ever received of her, she was supposed to have perished at sea; and our Poet, with the passengers and crew, in all probability, unfortunately shared the fate of their vessel.



THE
SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

PROPOSAL of the subject—Invocation—Apology—
Allegorical description of Memory—Appeal to her
assistance—The story begun—A retrospect of the
former part of the voyage—The ship arrives at Can-
dia—Ancient state of that island—Present state of the
adjacent isles of Greece—The season of the year—Cha-
racter of the master and his officers—Story of Palemon
and Anna—Evening described—Midnight—The ship
weighs anchor and departs from the haven—State of
the weather—Morning—Situation of the neighbouring
shores—Operation of taking the Sun's azimuth—De-
scription of the vessel as seen from the land.

*The Scene is near the City of Candia; and the Time about Four
Days and a Half.*

WHILE jarring int'rests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms;
While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll
Along his trembling wave from pole to pole;
Sick of the scene where war, with ruthless hand,
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;

Sick of the tumult where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death!
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string.
No pomp of battle swells th' exalted strain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:
But, o'er the scene while pale remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps.
Here hostile elements tumultuous rise,
And lawless floods rebel against the skies;
Till Hope expires, and Peril and Dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the wat'ry way.
Immortal Train who guide the maze of song,
To whom all science, arts and arms belong;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name!
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallow'd shade,
To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain,
Or listen, while th' enchanting voice of love,
While all Elysium warbl'd through the grove—
Oh! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound;
By the long surge that foams through yonder cave,
Whose vaults re-murmur to the roaring wave;
With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe!
A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!

Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine!
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore
To plow the tide where wintry tempests roar!
Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd Fane,
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful Train!—
Far from the Muses' academic grove,
'Twas his the vast and trackless deep to rove.
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone,
Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial Suns for ever glow.
Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
'A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,'
From regions where Peruvian billows roar
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador,
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains!
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus,² lav'd by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
But while he measur'd o'er the painful race,
In fortune's wild illimitable chace,
Adversity, companion of his way!
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway;
Bade new distresses ev'ry instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe!
In regions where th' Almighty's chast'ning hand
With livid pestilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and misery severe!

¹ Shakespeare.² Darien.

Or where, all dreadful in th' embattl'd line,
The hostile ships in flaming combat join:
Where the torn vessel wind and wave assail
Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail—
Where'er he wander'd thus vindictive Fate
Pursu'd his weary steps with lasting hate!
Rous'd by her mandate, storms of black array
Winter'd the morn of life's advancing day;
Relax'd the sinews of the living lyre,
And quench'd the kindling spark of vital fire—
Thus, while forgotten or unknown he wooes,
What hope to win the coy, reluctant Muse!
Then let not censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy!
His verse no laurel-wreath attempts to claim,
Nor sculptur'd brass to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth, and jarring phrases, wound
The softer sense with inharmonious sound,
Yet here let list'ning sympathy prevail,
While conscious Truth unfolds her piteous tale!
And lo! the Pow'r that wakes th' eventful song,
Hastes hither from Lethean banks along!
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light!
In her right hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years,
With ev'ry wise and noble art of man,
Since first the circling hours their course began:
Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade.
Pensive her look: on radiant wings that glow
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,

She sails; and, swifter than the course of light,
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas she restores,
And calls the wand'ring thought from Lethe's shores.
To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives.
Congenial Sister of immortal Fame,
She shares her pow'r—and Mem'ry is her name.

O first-born Daughter of primeval Time!
By whom transmitted down in ev'ry clime,
The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;
Whose breath dissolves the gloom of mental night,
And o'er th' obscur'd idea pours the light!
Whose wing unerring glides through time and place,
And trackless scours th' immensity of space!
Say! on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship befel,
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores!—
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasur'd stores!

A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held;
Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel drew.
The wayward steps of fortune, that delude
Full oft to ruin, eager they pursu'd;
And dazzled by her visionary glare,
Advanc'd incautious of each fatal snare;
Though warn'd full oft the slipp'ry track to shun,
Yet Hope, with flatt'ring voice, betray'd them on.
Beguil'd to danger thus, they left behind
The scene of peace, and social joy resign'd.

Long absent they from friends and native home
The cheerless Ocean were inur'd to roam :
Yet Heav'n, in pity to severe distress,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with success :
Still to atone for toils and hazards past,
Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the Sun, to rule the varying year,
Across th' Equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale.
She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
Unwearying wafted her commercial store ;
The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her course pursu'd ;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile.
And now that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage hastens to its goal,
They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw ;
But from gay Venice soon expect to steer
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near.
A thousand tender thoughts their souls employ,
That fondly dance to scenes of future joy.

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless tide
Their ship through Grecian seas the pilots guide.
Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
Which, bless'd with fav'ring winds, they soon explore ;
The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal Pow'rs ! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of desolating war !

Here art and commerce, with auspicious reign,
Once breath'd sweet influence on the happy plain!
While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young pleasure led the jocund hours along.

In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the vallies with eternal green.

For wealth, for valour courted and rever'd,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd—

Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?

The free-born spirit of her sons is broke;

They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke!

No longer Fame the drooping heart inspires,

For rude oppression quench'd its genial fires.

But still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,

Supply the barren shores of Greece around.

What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles!

There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never
smiles.

The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,

And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.

These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil

A seventh year scorn the weary lab'rer's toil.

No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,

Now views with triumph captive gods adore:

No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,

Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms:

No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,

For whom contending kings are proud to die.

Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,

While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay.

Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,

Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains!

Now in the southern hemisphere the Sun
Through the bright Virgin and the Scales had run;
And on th' Ecliptic whirl'd his winding way
Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
The ship was moor'd beside the wave-worn strand;
Four days her anchors bite the golden sand:
For sick'ning vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.
This, when th' autumnal Equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom heav'n informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms.
True to his trust, when sacred duty calls,
No brooding storm the Master's soul appals.
Th' advancing season warns him to the main —
A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain!
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay:
Determin'd, from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire!
Ere yet the deep'ning incidents prevail,
Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom, chief among the gallant crew,
Th' unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew!
Can sons of Neptune, gen'rous, brave and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold!

They can! for gold, too oft, with magic art,
Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart:
This crowns the prosp'rous villain with applause,
To whom, in vain, sad merit pleads her cause:

This strews with roses life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to pleasure's blest abode;
With slaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,
And smooths the furrows of the treach'rous main.

O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band,
Experienc'd Albert held the chief command;
Though train'd in boist'rous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refin'd.
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew;
Abroad, confest the father of his crew!
Brave, lib'ral, just—the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breath'd a gay serene.
Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by seas repell'd;
Or point her devious track through climes unknown,
That lead to ev'ry shore and ev'ry zone. [glide,
He saw the moon through heav'n's blue concave
And into motion charm th' expanding tide;
While Earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her wat'ry zone, and sinks the poles.
Light and attraction, from her genial source,
He saw still wand'ring with diminish'd force:
While on the margin of declining day
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away—
Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll;
His genius, ever for th' event prepar'd,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shar'd.

The second pow'rs and office Rodmond bore:
A hardy son of England's further shore!

Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main,
That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort,
A sooty tribe! to fair Augusta's port.
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger; proud of skilful hands!
For, while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plow the faithless deep,
O'er bar¹ and shelf the wat'ry path they sound
With dext'rous arm, sagacious of the ground!
Fearless they combat ev'ry hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks with course inclin'd,
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode:
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
Boist'rous of manners; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth;
To scenes that Nature's struggling voice controul,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul!
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the
shore,
With foul intent the stranded bark explore—
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword—

¹ A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or sand collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river or haven, so as to render the navigation difficult, and often dangerous.

Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal!
Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where Mercy loves to dwell.
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The sacred social passions never knew:
Unskill'd to argue, in dispute yet loud,
Bold without caution, without honours proud;
In art unschool'd, each vet'ran rule he priz'd,
And all improvement haughtily despis'd.
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glow'd his daring mind,
Thro' snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next in order of command,
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band.
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame!
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms,
His bosom danc'd to nature's boundless charms!
On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awak'ning into bloom young fancy's flow'r:
But frowning fortune with untimely blast
The blossom wither'd and the dawn o'ercast,
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea;
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where Science and the tuneful Sisters rove.
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er th' untravell'd zone.

In vain—for rude adversity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd,
And ev'ry gate of hope against him clos'd.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train,
To call Arion this ill-fated swain!
For; like that Bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,
With conscious anguish taught the heart to weep;
And both the raging surge in safety bore,
Amid destruction, panting to the shore.
This last, our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at ev'ry vein.

Such were the pilots—tutor'd to divine
Th' untravell'd course by geometric line:
Train'd to command, and range the various sail,
Whose various force conforms to ev'ry gale.

Charg'd with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name:
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled;
For her a secret flame his bosom fed.
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
This genuine passion—Nature's eldest born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.

Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,
Of pow'r to melt the female breast with ease,

To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale:
O'erjoy'd he saw her lovely eyes relent;
The blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighb'ring grove,
Unheard, they breath'd alternate vows of love:
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confest.
Long had he listen'd with suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth! thy lib'ral heart he knew;
A heart to nature's warm impressions true!
Full oft his wisdom strove, with fruitless toil,
With av'rice to pollute that gen'rous soil;
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of fortune's Sun,
With scorn the parent ey'd the lowly shade,
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
Indignant he rebuk'd th' enamour'd boy,
The flatt'ring promise of his future joy!
He sooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her pow'rs, enchanting music fail'd,
And pleasure's syren-voice no more prevail'd.

The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
 In look and voice assum'd a harsher strain;
 In absence now his only hope remain'd,
 And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.
 Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
 Drew o'er his lovely face a sadd'ning gloom.
 In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd;
 No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind—
 To thee, brave Albert, was the charge consign'd:
 The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
 To regions far remote Palemon bore.
 Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
 Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth:
 From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
 His heart still panted for its secret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone
 To him, since young Arion first was known;
 Who, wand'ring here through many a scene
 In Alexandria's port the vessel found; [renown'd,
 Where, anxious to review his native shore,
 He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
 Oft, by pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
 With him Palemon kept the watch of night;
 In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd,
 Some painful secret of the soul confess'd.
 Perhaps Arion soon the cause divin'd,
 Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind:
 He felt the chastity of silent woe,
 Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow;
 He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
 The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
 Recall'd to mem'ry by th' adjacent shore.

The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
Thus, tho' a recent date their friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore:
For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
By kindred age, and sympathy of soul.

These o'er th' inferior naval train preside,
The course determine, or the commerce guide:
O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew,
Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies oppress'd,
And held th' unwilling ship in strong arrest.
High in his chariot glow'd the Lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray.
Relax'd from toil the sailors range the shore,
Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more:
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in gen'rous wine.
On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,
Of dragons roaring on th' enchanted coast,
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost—
But with Arion, from the sultry heat
Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat.
And lo! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd,
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound,

' The intelligent reader will readily discover, that these remarks allude to the ever-memorable siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669, being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

The ruin'd bulwarks, tott'ring o'er the strand,
Bewail the stroke of war's tremendous hand!
What scenes of woe this hapless isle o'erspread!
Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled!
Full twice twelve summers were yon tow'rs assail'd,
'Till barb'rous Ottoman at last prevail'd;
While thund'ring mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd!

But now before them happier scenes arise!
Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes:
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,
Where light with gay romantic error stray'd.
The myrtles here with fond caresses twine;
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine.
And lo! the stream renown'd in classic song,
Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wand'ers found a wild alcove:
Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,
And with sweet melancholy charm'd the soul.
Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
For consolation on his friend reclin'd,
In pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream
Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—
Too true thy words! by sweet remembrance taught,
My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought:
In vain it courts the solitary shade,
By ev'ry action, ev'ry look betray'd!—
The pride of gen'rous woe disdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal:
Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.

Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.

Albert, thou know'st with skill and science grac'd,
In humble station though by fortune plac'd,
Yet, never seaman more serenely brave
Led Britain's conqu'ring squadrons o'er the wave.
Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,
With flow'ry lawns and waving woods between,
A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride,
Where Thames, slow-winding, rolls his ample tide.
There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter and a faithful wife.
For his return, with fond officious care,
Still ev'ry grateful object these prepare;
Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

This blooming maid in virtue's path to guide,
Her anxious parents all their cares apply'd:
Her spotless soul, where soft compassion reign'd,
No vice untun'd, no sick'ning folly stain'd.
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd ev'ry heart with exquisite alarms;
Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction dress'd,
The smile of maiden innocence express'd;
While health, that rises with the new-born day,
Breath'd o'er her cheek the softest blush of May.
Still in her look complacence smil'd serene;
She mov'd, the charmer of the rural scene.

'Twas at that season when the fields resume
Their lov'liest hues, array'd in vernal bloom;

Yon ship, rich freighted from th' Italian shore,
 To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore:
 While thus my father saw his ample hoard,
 From this return, with recent treasures stor'd,
 Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he sent
 To Albert's humble mansion. Soon I went—
 Too soon, alas! unconscious of th' event—
 There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
 The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw:
 There wounded first by Love's resistless arms,
 My glowing bosom throbb'd with strange alarms.
 My ever-charming Anna! who alone
 Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone.
 Oh! while all-conscious mem'ry holds her pow'r,
 Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour,
 When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
 My flutt'ring spirits first th' infection caught;
 When, as I gaz'd, my fault'ring tongue betray'd
 The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid;
 While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
 And ev'ry limb unstrung with terror shook!
 With all her pow'rs dissenting reason strove
 To tame at first the kindling flame of love;
 She strove in vain! Subdu'd by charms divine,
 My soul a victim fell at Beauty's shrine—
 Oft from the din of bustling life I stray'd
 In happier scenes to see my lovely maid.
 Full oft, where Thames his wand'ring current
 leads,
 We rov'd at ev'ning hour through flow'ry meads:
 There, while my heart's soft anguish I reveal'd,
 To her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd.

While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believ'd,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heav'd:
For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was her's, and innocence and truth.
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart—
My suit prevail'd; for love inform'd my tongue,
And on his Vot'ry's lips persuasion hung.
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew—
Thrice happy hours! where, with no dark allay,
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day!
For here the sigh that soft affection heaves
From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
Elysian scenes, too happy long to last!
Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast!
Too soon some demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguish tore—
My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice,
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice;
Then, in the whirling wave of pleasure, sought
From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind
In chains of adamant the lawless wind:
For Love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure:
Hope fed the wound, and Absence knew no cure.
With alienated look each art he saw
Still baffled by superior Nature's law.
His anxious mind on various schemes revolv'd;
At last on cruel exile he resolv'd.
The rig'rous doom was fix'd! alas! how vain
To him of tender anguish to complain!

His soul, that never Love's sweet influence felt,
By social sympathy could never melt;
With stern command to Albert's charge he gave,
To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.

The ship was laden and prepar'd to sail,
And only waited now the leading gale.
'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
The heart-felt torments of despairing love:
Th' impatient wish that never feels repose;
Desire that with perpetual current flows;
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear;
Joys distant still, and sorrow ever near!
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hast'ning the moment of our last adieu. }
The vessel parted on the falling tide;
Yet time one sacred hour to love supply'd.
The night was silent, and, advancing fast,
The Moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast.
Impatient Hope the midnight path explor'd,
And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my list'ning
ear;
She came confest! the lovely maid drew near!
But, ah! what force of language can impart
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!—
O! ye, whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love!
When with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell!

O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul!

In transport lost, by trembling hope imprest,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast;
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms;
Dissolving softness, paradise of charms!

Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits that each other drew!

O bliss supreme! where Virtue's self can melt
With joys that guilty pleasure never felt!

Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet affection's purest fire!

Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries,
While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,

For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
Such flatt'ring fond ideas entertain!

My heart through scenes of fair illusion stray'd
To joys decreed for some superior maid.

'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of grief
Where never gentle hope affords relief.

Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone!
And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone!

The hov'ring anger yet thou may'st appease—

Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless seas!

Find out some happier daughter of the town

With fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown;

Where, smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,

Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.

Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate,

Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate!

Go then, I charge thee, by thy gen'rous love,

That fatal to my father thus may prove!

On me alone let dark affliction fall!
Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate!

She ceas'd, while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace.
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.
O soul of all my wishes! I reply'd,
Can that soft fabric stem Affliction's tide!
Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted truth!
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth?
And I perfidious! all that sweetness see
Consign'd to lasting misery for me!
Sooner this moment may th' eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb!
Attest thou Moon, fair regent of the night!
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight;
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
That sweet possession only knows to heal!
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep!
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;
Tho' tyrant-duty o'er me threat'ning stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands;
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile or frown shall never change my love!
My heart, that now must ev'ry joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine!

O cease to weep! This storm will yet decay,
And the sad clouds of sorrow melt away.
While thro' the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.

The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain.
For this prosperity, with brighter ray,
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are o'er }
Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore, }
Where never int'rest shall divide us more.
Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief,
Now found an interval of short relief:
So melts the surface of the frozen stream
Beneath the wintry Sun's departing beam.
With warning haste the shades of night withdrew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu!
As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung.
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wand'ring lover's grave!
With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear.
While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes,
She pour'd her soul to Heav'n in suppliant sighs—
Look down with pity, oh! ye Powers above,
Who hear the sad complaints of bleeding love!
Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:
Or if the hour of future joy remain,
Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain!
Bid ev'ry guardian minister attend,
And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend!
— With grief o'erwhelm'd, we parted twice — in
vain! —
And, urg'd by strong attraction, met again,

At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,
 While tender passion stream'd in either heart;
 Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look;
 One sad farewell, one last embrace we took—
 Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
 Pensive and pale, of ev'ry joy bereft.
 She to her silent couch retir'd to weep,
 While her sad swain embark'd upon the deep.

His tale thus clos'd, from sympathy of grief
 Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief.
 The hapless bird, thus ravish'd from the skies,
 Where all-forlorn his lov'd companion flies,
 In secret long bewails his cruel fate
 With fond remembrance of his winged mate,
 'Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
 Compos'd at length, his sadly-warbling strain
 In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain.

Ye tender maids in whose pathetic souls
 Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls!
 Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
 The secret wound you tremble to reveal!
 Ah! may no wand'rer of the faithless main
 Pour through your breast the soft delicious bane!
 May never fatal tenderness approve
 The fond effusions of their ardent love!
 Oh! warn'd by friendship's counsel, learn to
 shun

The fatal path where thousands are undone!

Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
 Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
 First, with attention rous'd, Arion ey'd
 The graceful lover, form'd in nature's pride.

His frame, the happiest symetry display'd,
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd.
In ev'ry look the Paphian graces shine,
Soft-breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine.
With lighten'd heart he smil'd serenely gay,
Like young Adonis or the son of May.
Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
Receiv'd her apple on the Trojan plain.
The Sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene:
Creation smiles around; on ev'ry spray
The warbling birds exalt their ev'ning lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain:
The golden lime and orange there were seen
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green Ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy Ocean hush'd forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold,
Glow's in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liv'ries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns!
While yet the shades, on Time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love;
With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze—

Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And Night slow draws her veil o'er land and main.
Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a ring,
By turns recount the wond'rous tale, or sing;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake their homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep;
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise.
The waning Moon, behind a wat'ry shroud,
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails;
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales—
While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night.
Now blooming Anna, with her happy swain,
Approach'd the sacred Hymeneal fane:
Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,
And fun'ral pomp and weeping Loves are seen;
Now with Palemon up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd, while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love.
Then sudden from the slipp'ry height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell!—
Amid this fearful trance, a thund'ring sound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound!
Upstarting from his couch, on deck he sprung.
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung—

All hands unmoor! proclaims a boist'rous cry:
All hands unmoor! the cavern'd rocks reply.
 Rous'd from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
 And with their levers soon the windlass arm.¹
 The order giv'n, up-springing with a bound,
 They lodge the bars, and wheel their engine round;
 At ev'ry turn the clanging pauls resound. }
 Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave
 The pond'rous anchor rises o'er the wave.
 Along their slipp'ry mast the yards ascend,
 And high in air the canvas wings extend.
 Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
 And thro' inextricable mazes glide.
 The lunar rays with long reflection gleam
 To light the vessel o'er the silver stream:
 Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
 While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
 From east to north the transient breezes play,
 And in th' Egyptian quarter soon decay.
 A calm ensues; they dread th' adjacent shore;
 The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before;
 With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
 Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow.²
 The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
 And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.

¹ The windlass is a sort of large roller used to wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about vertically by a number of long bars or levers, in which operation it is prevented from recoiling by the pauls.

² Towing is the operation of drawing a ship forwards by means of ropes, extending from her fore-part to one or more of the boats rowing before her.

Success attends their skill; the danger's o'er:
The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

Now Morn, her lamp pale-glimm'ring on the sight,
Scatter'd before her van reluctant Night.
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight.
North-east the guardian isle of Stanchio lies,
And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.

With winning postures now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales:
The swelling stud-sails¹ now their wings extend;
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend:
While all to court the wand'ring breeze are plac'd
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.

The dim horizon low'ring vapours shroud,
And blot the Sun yet struggling in the cloud:
Thro' the wide Atmosphere, condens'd with haze,
His glaring Orb emits a sanguine blaze.
The pilots now their rules of art apply
The mystic Needle's devious aim to try.
The Compass plac'd to catch the rising ray,²
The Quadrant's shadows studious they survey.

¹ Studding sails are long, narrow sails, which are only used in fine weather and fair winds, on the outside of the larger square-sails. Stay-sails are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

² The operation of taking the Sun's azimuth in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetic-needle.

Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.
Now, seen on Ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Their sage experience thus explores the height,
And polar distance of the Source of light:
Then thro' the Chiliad's triple maze they trace
Th' analogy that proves the Magnet's place.
The wayward steel, to truth thus reconcil'd,
No more th' attentive pilot's eye beguil'd.

The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas:
Her milk-white bottom casts a softer gleam,
While, trembling thro' the green translucent stream,
The wales,¹ that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gaz'd o'er the vassal-wave that roll'd below!
Where'er she mov'd, the vassal-waves were seen
To yield obsequious and confess their Queen.
Th' imperial trident grac'd her dexter-hand,
Of pow'r to rule the surge, like Moses' wand;
Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.

¹ The wales, here alluded to, are an assemblage of strong planks which envelop the lower part of the ship's side, wherein they are broader and thicker than the rest, and appear somewhat like a range of hoops, which separate the bottom from the upper works.

Her left, propitious, bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the wat'ry field
There her bold Genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wide billow hurls the storm of war—
And lo! the beasts, that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tam'd into union, yok'd in friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main.
From the broad margin to the center grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view!—
Th' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd
When first her head above the waters heav'd.
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest;
A figur'd scutcheon glitter'd on her breast:
There, from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptur'd prow—From van to rear,
Th' artill'ry frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalm'd with orient gum, above the wave,
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad stern a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controll'd,
An allegoric tale on high portray'd;
There a young Hero; here a royal Maid!
Fair England's Genius in the youth express'd,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confess'd,
The warlike Nymph with fond regard survey'd:
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd.
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the God of war,

Serene as summer's ev'ning skies she saw;
Serene, yet firm; tho' mild, impressing awe.
Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils severe,
Brandish'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian spear.
The dreadful faulchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dy'd with hostile gore. }
Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye
Flash'd like the meteors of her native sky:
Her crest, high plum'd, was rough with many a
scar,
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame;
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame.
Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow,
Renown'd in song—the terror of the foe!
The sword, that oft the barb'rous North defy'd,
The scourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his side.
Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,
The George emblazon'd on his corselet shone.
Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre,
Pregnant with numbers of etherial fire!
Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,
Or waft rapt fancy thro' the gulfs of hell—
Struck with contagion kindling fancy hears
The songs of Heav'n! the music of the Spheres!
Borne on Newtonian wing thro' air she flies
Where other Suns to other systems rise!—
These front the scene conspicuous—Over head
Albion's proud Oak his filial branches spread;
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
Beneath their feet, the Father of the flood;

Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perch'd by the martial Maid the bird of Jove;
There, on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay.
Yonder fair Commerce stretch'd her winged sail;
Here frown'd the God that wakes the living gale—
High o'er the poop the flatt'ring winds unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the watry world.
Deep-blushing armours all the tops invest,
And warlike trophies either quarter dress'd:
Then tower'd the masts; the canvas swell'd on high;
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.
Thus, like a swan, she cleaves the wat'ry plain;
The pride and wonder of th' Ægean main !



CANTO II.

 ARGUMENT.

REFLECTION on leaving the land—The gale continues—A water-spout—Beauty of a diving dolphin—The ship's progress along the shore—Wind strengthens—The sails reduced—A shoal of porpoises—Last appearance of Cape Spado—Sea arises—A squall—The sails further diminished—Mainsail split—Ship bears away before the wind—Again hauls upon the wind—Another main-sail fitted to the yard—The gale still increases—Topsails furled—Top-gallant-yards sent down—Sea enlarges—Sun set—Courses reefed—Four seamen lost off the lee main-yard-arm—Anxiety of the pilots from their dangerous situation—Resolute behaviour of the sailors—The ship labours in great distress—The artillery thrown overboard—Dismal appearance of the weather—Very high and dangerous sea—Severe fatigue of the crew—Consultation and resolution of the officers—Speech and advice of Albert to the crew—Necessary disposition to veer before the wind—Disappointment in the proposed effect—New dispositions equally unsuccessful—The mizen-mast cut away.

The Scene lies in the Sea, between Cape Freschin in Candia, and the island of Falconers, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spado—The Time is from Nine in the Morning till One o'Clock of the following Morning.

ADIEU, ye pleasures of the rural scene,
Where peace and calm contentment dwell serene!

To me in vain on earth's prolific soil,
With summer crown'd th' Elysian valleys smile!
To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart!
For, these, alas! reluctant I forego
To visit storms and elements of woe!
Ye tempests o'er my head congenial roll
To suit the mournful music of my soul!
In black progression, lo! they hover near!
Hail! social horrors, like my fate severe!
Old Ocean, hail! beneath whose azure zone
The secret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,
And fearless view this awful scene with me!
Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
Ye bold assertors of her sacred cause!
The Muse invites you; judge if she depart,
Unequal, from the precepts of your art.
In practice train'd, and conscious of her pow'r,
Her steps intrepid meet the trying hour.

O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell'd by gentle gales, the vessel glides:
Rodmond, exulting, felt th' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd—
The thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul:
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Already Britain's parent-cliffs arise,
And in idea greet his longing eyes!
Each am'rous sailor too, with heart elate,
Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate.

E'en they th' impressive dart of love can feel,
Whose stubborn souls are sheath'd in triple steel.
Nor less o'erjoy'd, perhaps with equal truth,
Each faithful Maid expects th' approaching Youth!
In distant bosoms equal ardours glow,
And mutual passions mutual joy bestow—
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising on the view;
When, from the left approaching, they descry
A liquid column tow'ring shoot on high.
The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps.
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scatt'ring dun night and horror thro' the skies.
The swift volution and th' enormous train
Let sages vers'd in nature's lore explain!
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling surges fly!
The guns were prim'd, the vessel northward
 veers,
Till her black batt'ry on the column bears.
The nitre fir'd, and while the dreadful sound,
Convulsive, shook the slumb'ring air around,
The wat'ry volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high!
Th' affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills disclos'd th' abyss of hell!
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides; the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now th' increasing breezes
 veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.

In front they view the consecrated grove
Of cypress sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The thirsty canvas, all around supply'd,
Still drinks unquench'd the full aerial tide.
And now, approaching near the lofty stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.
From burnish'd scales they beam refulgent rays,
Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides, unhappy! near the triple prong.
Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and ev'ry turn attends;
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through.
Th' upturning points his pond'rous bulk sustain;
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
But while his heart the fatal jav'lin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid West,
With parting beams all o'er profusely drest;
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal Dawn,
When orient dew's impearl th' enamell'd lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye;
And now assume the purple's deeper dye.

But here description clouds each shining ray;
What terms of art can nature's pow'rs display?

Now, while on high the fresh'ning gale she
feels,

The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels.

Th' auxiliar sails that court a gentle breeze,

From their high stations sink by slow degrees.

The watchful ruler of the helm no more,

With fixt attention, eyes th' adjacent shore;

But by the oracle of truth below,

The wond'rous Magnet, guides the wayward
prow.

The wind, that still th' impressive canvas swell'd,

Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd.

Impatient thus she glides along the coast,

Till far behind the hill of Jove is lost:

And, while aloof from Retimo she steers,

Malacha's foreland full in front appears.

Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress grove

That once inclos'd the hallow'd fane of Jove.

Here too, memorial of his name! is found

A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground.

This gloomy tyrant, whose triumphant yoke

The trembling states around to slav'ry broke,

Thro' Greece, for murder, rape, and incest known,

The Muses rais'd to high Olympus' throne—

For oft, alas! their venal strains adorn

The prince whom blushing virtue holds in scorn.

Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,

And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.

But see! in confluence borne before the blast,

Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercast!

The black'ning ocean curls; the winds arise;
 And the dark scud ¹ in swift succession flies.
 While the swoln canvas bends the masts on high,
 Low in the waves the leeward cannon lie. ²
 The sailors now, to give the ship relief,
 Reduce the topsails by a single reef. ³
 Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels,
 Rattle the creaking block and ringing wheels.
 Down the tall masts the topsails sink amain,
 And, soon reduc'd, assume their post again.
 More distant grew receding Candia's shore;
 And southward of the west Cape Spado bore.

Four hours the Sun his high meridian throne
 Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone:
 Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
 Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.
 A squall deep low'ring blots the southern sky,
 Before whose boist'rous breath the waters fly.

¹ Scud is a name given by seamen to the lowest clouds, which are driven with great rapidity along the atmosphere in squally or tempestuous weather.

² When the wind crosses a ship's course, either directly or obliquely, that side of the ship upon which it acts is called the weather-side; and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is called the lee-side. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ship are, at this time, distinguished by the side on which they are situated; as the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, the weather-braces, &c.

³ The topsails are large square sails of the second degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain divisions of spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases; and again enlarged, proportionally, when its force abates.

Its weight the topsails can no more sustain.
Reef topsails, reef! the boatswain calls again—
 The haliards¹ and top-bowlines² soon are gone;
 To clue-lines³ and reef-tackles next they run:
 The shiv'ring sails descend: and now they square
 The yards, while ready sailors mount in air.
 The weather-earings⁴ and the lee they past;
 The reefs enroll'd, and ev'ry point made fast.
 Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
 And vigilant th' approaching squall attend.
 It comes resistless, and with foaming sweep
 Upturns the whit'ning surface of the deep:
 In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
 The wayward Sisters scour the blasted heath.
 With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
 And storm and cataract tumultuous blend,

¹ Haliards are either single ropes or tackles, by which the sails are hoisted up and lowered when the sail is to be extended or reduced.

² Bowlines are ropes intended to keep the windward edge of the sail steady, and prevent it from shaking in an unfavourable wind.

³ Clue-lines are ropes used to truss up the clues, or lower corners of the principal sails to their respective yards, particularly when the sail is to be close reefed or furled—Reef-tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by confining the extremities of the reefs close up to the yard, so that the interval becomes slack, and is therefore easily rolled up and fastened to the yard by the points employed for this purpose.

⁴ Earings are small cords, by which the upper corners of the principal sails, and also the extremities of the reefs, are fastened to the yard-arms.

Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies—
*Brail up the mizen*¹, quick! the master cries;
*Man the clue-garnet*²! *let the main-sheet*³ *fly!*—
 The boist'rous squall still presses from on high,
 And swift and fatal as the lightning's course,
 Thro' the torn mainsail bursts with thund'ring
 force.

While the rent canvas flutter'd in the wind,
 Still on her flank the stooping bark inclin'd.
*Bear up the helm*⁴ *a-weather!* Rodmond cries;
 Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.
 The prow with secret instinct veers apace;
 And now the foresail right athwart they brace;
 With equal sheets restrain'd, the bellying sail
 Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.

¹ The mizen is a large sail of an oblong figure extended upon the mizen-mast.

² Clue-garnets are employed for the same purposes on the mainsail and foresail as the clue-lines are upon all other square sails. See note 3, p. 43.

³ It is necessary in this place to remark that the sheets, which are universally mistaken by the English poets and their readers for the sails themselves, are no other than the ropes used to extend the clues or lower corners of the sails to which they are attached. To the mainsail and foresail there is a sheet and tack on each side; the latter of which is a thick rope serving to confine the weather clue of the sail down to the ship's side, whilst the former draws out the lee-clue or lower corner on the opposite side. Tacks are only used in a side-wind.

⁴ The helm is said to be a-weather when the bar by which it is managed is turned to the side of the ship next the wind.

While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
Th' attentive timoneer¹ the helm applies.
As in pursuit along th' aerial way,
With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chace,
Obliquely wheeling thro' the liquid space,
So, govern'd by the steersman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now the transient squall, to leeward past,
Again she rallies to the sullen blast.
The helm to starboard² turns; with wings inclin'd
The sidelong canvas clasps the faithless wind.
The mizen draws; she springs aloof once more,
While the fore-staysail³ balances before.

The foresail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow th' extended tack confin'd:
Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
And haul the bowline to the bowsprit end.
To topsails next they haste; the buntlines gone,
The clue-lines thro' their wheel'd machin'ry run:

¹ Timoneer (from *timonnier*, Fr.) the helmsman, or steersman.

² The helm being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and *vice versa*. Hence the helm being put astarboard, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west.

³ This sail, which is with more propriety called the fore-topmast stay-sail, is a triangular sail, that runs upon the fore-topmast-stay over the bowsprit. It is used to command the fore part of the ship, and counter-balance the sails extended towards the stern. See also the last note of this Canto.

On either side below the sheets are mann'd;
 Again the flutt'ring sails their skirts expand.
 Once more the topsails, tho' with humbler plume,
 Mounting aloft their ancient post resume.
 Again the bowlines and the yards are brac'd¹;
 And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.

The sail, by whirlwinds thus so lately rent,
 In tatter'd ruins flutt'ring, is unbent;
 With brails² refix'd, another soon prepar'd,
 Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
 To each yard-arm the head-rope³ they extend,
 And soon their earings and the robins⁴ bend.
 That task perform'd, they first the braces⁵ slack,
 Then to its station drag th' unwilling tack;
 And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
 Taught aft the sheet they tally and belay.⁶

¹ A yard is said to be braced, when it is turned about the mast horizontally, either to the right or left: the ropes employed in this service are accordingly called braces.

² The ropes used to truss up a sail to the yard or mast whereto it is attached, are, in a general sense, called brails.

³ The head-rope is a cord to which the upper part of the sail is sewed.

⁴ Rope-bands, pronounced robins, are small cords used to fasten the upper edge of any sail to its respective yard.

⁵ Because the lee-brace confines the yard so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

⁶ Taught implies stiff, tense, or extended straight; and tally is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. To belay is to fasten.

Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
A troop of porpoises their course explore:
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide;
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in sparkling trails along the main.
These fleetest coursers of the finny race,
When threat'ning clouds th' ætherial vault deface,
Their rout to leeward still sagacious form,
To shun the fury of th' approaching storm.

Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee
Protects the vessel from th' insulting sea:
Round her broad arms, impatient of control,
Rous'd from their secret deeps, the billows roll.
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.
The flatt'ring wind, that late with promis'd aid,
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ship betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies—
Tost on the tide, she feels the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe.
As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
Exulting prances to the bloody fray;
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight,
E'en so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding vessel dances on the tide—
Fierce and more fierce the southern demon blew,
And more incens'd the roaring waters grew.
The ship no longer can her topsails spread,
And ev'ry hope of fairer skies is fled.

Bowlines and haliards are relax'd again;
 Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain:
 Clu'd up each topsail, and by braces squar'd,
 The seamen climb aloft on either yard;
 They furl'd the sail, and pointed to the wind
 The yard, by rolling tackles¹ then confin'd.
 While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies,
 Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries;
 Prompt to direct th' unskilful still appears;
 Th' expert he praises, and the fearful cheers.
 Now some to strike top-gallant yards² attend;
 Some trav'lers³ up the weather backstays⁴ send;
 At each mast-head the top-ropes⁵ others bend.

¹ The rolling tackle is an assemblage of pulleys used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.

² It is usual to send down the top-gallant yards on the approach of a storm. They are the highest yards that are rigged in a ship.

³ Travellers are slender iron rings encircling the backstays and used to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the top-gallant yards, by confining them to the backstays, in their ascent or descent, so as to prevent them from swinging about by the agitation of the vessel.

⁴ Backstays are long ropes, extending from the right and left side of the ship to the topmast-heads, which they are intended to secure, by counteracting the effort of the wind upon the sails.

⁵ Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-gallant yards are hoisted up from the deck, or lowered again in stormy weather.

The youngest sailors from the yards above
 Their parrels¹, lifts², and braces soon remove;
 Then topt an-end, and to the trav'lers ty'd, [slide.
 Charg'd with their sails, they down the back-stays
 The yards secure along the booms³ reclin'd;
 While some the flying cords aloft confin'd.
 Their sails reduc'd, and all the rigging clear,
 Awhile the crew relax from toil severe;
 Awhile their spirits, with fatigue opprest,
 In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest:
 For with redoubling force the tempests blow,
 And wat'ry hills in fell succession flow.
 A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies;
 New troubles grow; new difficulties rise.
 No season this from duty to descend!—
 All hands on deck th' eventful hour attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred Lamp of day
 Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray;
 His sick'ning fires, half-lost in ambient haze,
 Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze;
 Till deep immerg'd the languid orb declines,
 And now to cheerless night the Sky resigns!

¹ The parrel, which is usually a moveable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its respective mast.

² Lifts are ropes extended from the head of any mast to the extremities of its particular yard to support the weight of the latter, to retain it in balance, or to raise one yard-arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called topping.

³ The booms, in this place, imply any mast or yards lying on deck in reserve to supply the place of others which may be carried away by distress of weather, &c.

Sad Ev'ning's hour, how diff'rent from the past!
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast!
No ray of friendly light is seen around:
The Moon and Stars in hopeless Shade are
drown'd!

The Ship no longer can her courses¹ bear;
To reef the courses is the Master's care:
The sailors summon'd aft, a daring band!
Attend th' unfolding brails at his command.
But here the doubtful officers dispute,
Till skill and judgment prejudice confute—
Rodmond, whose genius never soar'd beyond
The narrow rules of art his youth had conn'd,
Still to the hostile fury of the wind
Releas'd the sheet, and kept the tack confin'd;
To long-try'd practice obstinately warm,
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
But the sage Master this advice declines;
With whom Arion in opinion joins—
“The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye
“On sure experience may with truth rely;
“Who from the reigning cause foretels th' effect,
“This barb'rous practice ever will reject.
“For, flutt'ring loose in air, the rigid sail
“Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale;
“And he who strives the tempest to disarm,
“Will never first embraile the lee yard-arm.”

¹ The courses are generally understood to be the mainsail, foresail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails on their several masts; the term is however sometimes taken in a larger sense.

The Master said—obedient to command,
To raise the tack the ready sailors stand ¹—
Gradual it loosens, while th' involving clue,
Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.
The sheet and weather-brace they now stand by ²;
The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lines ply.
Thus all prepar'd—*Let go the sheet*, he cries;
Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies:
Shiv'ring at first, till by the blast impell'd,
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvas swell'd;
By spilling-lines ³ embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
The foresail then secur'd, with equal care
Again to reef the mainsail they repair—
While some high mounted over-haul the tye,
Below the down-haul-tackle ⁴ others ply.

¹ It has been remarked before, in note 3, p. 44, that the tack is always fastened to windward: accordingly, as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather-clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by shivering.

² It is necessary to pull in the weather-brace whenever the sheet is cast off to preserve the sail from shaking violently.

³ The spilling-lines, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the sail when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.

⁴ The violence of the wind forces the yard so much outward from the mast on these occasions, that it cannot easily be lowered so as to reef the sail without the

Jears¹, lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
 Along the mast the willing yard descends.
 When lower'd sufficient, they securely brace,
 And fix the rolling-tackle in its place;
 The reef-lines² and their earings now prepar'd,
 Mounting on pliant shrouds³, they man the yard.
 Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
 Arion there, the hardy boatswain here!
 That in the van to front the tempest hung;
 This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omen'd! clung.
 Each earing to its station first they bend;
 The reef-band⁴ then along the yard extend:

application of a tackle to haul it down on the mast. This is afterwards converted into rolling-tackle. See note 1, p. 48.

¹ Jears are the same to the mainsail, foresail, and mizen, as the haliards (see note 1, p. 43) are to all the inferior sails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

² Reef-lines are only used to reef the mainsail and foresail. They are passed in spiral turns through the eye-let holes of the reef, and over the head of the sails between the rope-band-legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, so as to lace the reef close up to the yard.

³ Shrouds are thick ropes, stretching from the mast-head downwards to the outside of the ship, serving to support the masts. They are also used as a range of rope-ladders, by which the seamen ascend or descend, to perform whatever is necessary about the sails and rigging.

⁴ The reef-band is a long piece of canvas sewed across the sail to strengthen the canvas in the place where the eye-let holes of the reef are formed.

The circling earings, round th' extremes entwin'd,
By outer and by inner turns¹ they bind.
From hand to hand, the reef-lines next received,
Thro' eye-let holes and robin-legs were reev'd.
The reef in double folds involv'd they lay;
Strain the firm cord, and either end belay.

Hadst thou, Arion! held the leeward post,
While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
Perhaps Oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil—
But ruling Heav'n prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer and relate!

For, while their orders those aloft attend,
To furl the mainsail, or on deck descend,
A sea², up-surg'ing with tremendous roll,
To instant ruin seems to doom the whole.
O friends! secure your hold! Arion cries—
It comes all-dreadful, stooping from the skies!
Uplifted on its horrid edge, she feels
The shock, and on her side half-bury'd reels:
The sail, half-bury'd in the whelming wave,
A fearful warning to the seamen gave:
While from its margin, terrible to tell!
Three sailors with their gallant boatswain fell.
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard infold!

¹ The outer turns of the earing serve to extend the sail along the yard, and the inner turns are employed to confine its head-rope close to its surface. See note 2, p. 46.

² A sea is the general name given by sailors to a single wave or billow: hence, when a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have shipped a sea.

In vain to grapple flying cords they try,
The cords, alas! a solid gripe deny!
Prone on the midnight surge, with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death.
High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep.
Bereft of pow'r to help, their comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee!
With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan—
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own!

In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command.
Tho' still they knew the vessel's armed side
Impenetrable to the clasping tide;
Tho' still the waters by no secret wound
A passage to her deep recesses found;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er—
A storm, a dang'rous sea, and leeward shore!
Should they, tho' reef'd, again their sails extend,
Again in flutt'ring fragments they may rend;
Or should they stand, beneath the dreadful strain
The down-press'd ship may never rise again;
Too late to weather now Morea's¹ land,
Yet verging fast to Athens' rocky strand—
Thus they lament the consequence severe,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear.
Long in their minds revolving each event,
At last to furl the courses they consent.

¹ To weather a shore, is to pass to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the storm.

That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
And try¹ beneath it, sidelong in the sea.

Now down the mast the sloping yard declin'd,
Till by the jears and topping-lift² confin'd;
The head, with doubling canvas fenc'd around,
In balance, near the lofty peak, they bound.
The reef enwrapt, th' inserted knittles ty'd,
To hoist the shorten'd sail again they hy'd.
The order giv'n, the yard aloft they sway'd;
The brails relax'd, th' extended sheet belay'd:
The helm its post forsook, and, lash'd a-lee³,
Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the sea.

When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,
With notes divine implor'd his consort lost;
Tho' round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies stood to bar his way;
Not more advent'rous was th' attempt to move
The pow'rs of Hell with strains of heav'nly love,

¹ To try, is to lay the ship with her side nearly in the direction of the wind and sea, with the head somewhat inclined to the windward; the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in that position. See a further illustration on this in the last note of this Canto.

² The topping-lift, which tops the upper end of the mizen-yard (see note 2, p. 49). This line and the six following describe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The reef of this sail is towards the lower end, knittles being small short lines used in the room of points for this purpose (see note 3, p. 42, and note 3, p. 43), they are accordingly knotted under the foot-rope, or lower edge of the sail.

³ Lash'd a-lee, is fastened to the lee-side. See note 2, p. 42.

Than mine to bid th' unwilling Muse explore
The wilderness of rude mechanic lore.
Such toil th' unwearied Dædalus endured
When in the Cretan labyrinth immur'd,
Till art her salutary help bestow'd,
To guide him through that intricate abode.
Thus, long entangled in a thorny way,
That never heard the sweet Pierian lay,
The Muse, that tun'd to barb'rous sounds her string,
Now spreads, like Dædalus, a bolder wing;
The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with sad variety of woe.

As yet, amid this elemental war,
That scatters desolation from afar,
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear.
Tho' their firm hearts no pageant honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles at his post,
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn.
Tho' now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,
No future ills unknown their souls appall;
They know no danger, or they scorn it all!
But e'en the gen'rous spirits of the brave,
Subdu'd by toil, a friendly respite crave;
A short repose alone their thoughts implore,
Their harass'd pow'rs by slumber to restore.

Far other cares the Master's mind employ;
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy.
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art;

In vain athwart the mimic seas expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands.
Ungrateful task! for no asylum trac'd
A passage open'd from the wat'ry waste.
Fate seem'd to guard, with adamantine mound,
The path to ev'ry friendly port around.
While Albert thus, with secret doubts dismay'd,
The geometric distances survey'd,
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
'Secure your lives!—grasp ev'ry man a shroud!'
Rous'd from his trance, he mounts with eyes
aghast;

When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
A giant surge down rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie!—
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the
main,
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores;
Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan,
The trembling deeps recoil from zone to zone:
Thus the torn vessel felt th' enormous stroke;
The boats beneath the thund'ring deluge broke;
Forth started from their planks the bursting rings,
Th' extended cordage all asunder springs.
The pilot's fair machin'ry strews the deck,
And cards and needles swim in floating wreck.
The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
In streaming ruins from the margin fled.
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy seams,

They sound the well¹, and, terrible to hear!
 Five feet immers'd along the line appear.
 At either pump they ply the clanking brake²,
 And turn by turn th' ungrateful office take.
 Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, here,
 At this sad task, all diligent appear.
 As some fair castle, shook by rude alarms,
 Opposes long th' approach of hostile arms;
 Grim war around her plants his black array,
 And death and sorrow mark his horrid way,
 Till, in some destin'd hour, against her wall
 In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall;
 The ramparts crack, the solid bulwarks rend,
 And hostile troops the shatter'd breach ascend;
 Her valiant inmates still the foe retard,
 Resolv'd till death their sacred charge to guard;
 So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
 And help, incessant, by rotation lend;
 But all in vain!—for now the sounding cord,
 Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explor'd.
 Nor this severe distress is found alone;
 The ribs, oppress'd by pond'rous cannon, groan—
 Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's height,
 The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight.
 So reels Pelorus with convulsive throes
 When in his veins the burning earthquake glows;

¹ The well is an apartment in a ship's hold, serving to inclose the pumps. It is sounded by dropping a measur'd iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increase or diminution of the leaks are easily discovered.

² The brake is the lever or handle of the pump by which it is wrought.

Hoarse thro' his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame—
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And fate vindictive all their skill defies.
One only remedy the season gave;
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave:
From their high platforms thus th' artill'ry thrown,
Eas'd of their load, the timbers less shall groan;
But arduous is the task their lot requires;
A task that hov'ring fate alone inspires!
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
That ever and anon are drench'd with seas,
Some fatal billow, with recoiling sweep,
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.
No season this for council or delay;
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
These only now their mis'ry can relieve;
These only now a dawn of safety give!—
While o'er the quiv'ring deck, from van to rear,
Broad surges roll in terrible career;
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue.
The wheel'd artill'ry o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side.
Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave;
Fronting the rude assaults of ev'ry wave.
Like some strong watch-tow'r nodding o'er the deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untam'd he stood; the stern aerial war
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar—

Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist^r,
 The cordage of the leeward guns unbrac'd,
 And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd. }
 Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
 And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.
 Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
 Rodmond's associates wheel th' artill'ry round;
 Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
 The pond'rous arms across the steep defile;
 Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
 Thund'ring they plunge into the flashing tide.

The ship thus eas'd, some little respite finds,
 In this rude conflict of the seas and winds.
 Such ease Alcides felt, when, clogg'd with gore,
 Th' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore;
 When, stung with burning pain, he strove, too late,
 To stop the swift career of cruel fate.
 Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
 Sad harbinger of sev'nfold pangs endur'd!
 Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found!
 Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
 Save when the lightnings gleaming on the sight,
 Flash thro' the gloom a pale disastrous light.
 Above all æther, fraught with scenes of woe,
 With grim destruction threatens all below.
 Beneath the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,
 And wave, uproll'd on wave, assails the skies!

^r The waist of a ship of this kind is a hollow space of about five feet in depth contained between the elevations of the quarter-deck and forecastle, and having the upper deck for its base, or platform.

With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The ship, half swallow'd in the black profound!
With ceaseless hazard and fatigue opprest,
Dismay and Anguish ev'ry heart possest!
For, while, with boundless inundation, o'er
The sea-beat ship th' involving waters roar,
Displac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to resume;
By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
Thro' many a winding channel first they rove;
Till, gath'ring fury, like the fever'd blood,
Thro' her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
While unrelenting thus the leaks they sound,
The pumps with ever-clanking strokes resound.
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdu'd,
The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd.
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill;
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil.
No ray of light their dying hope redeems!
Pregnant with some new woe each moment teems!

Again the Chief th' instructive draught extends,
And o'er the figur'd plan attentive bends;
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the Sun's refulgent throne;
But here, alas! his science nought avails!
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad angle of lee-way¹ explor'd,
As swept across the graduated chord.

¹ The lee-way, or drift, which in this place are

Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the Master's heart,
When Falconera's rugged isle he found
Within her drift, with shelves and breakers bound:
For, if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost!
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal,
When some proud city verges to her fall;
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars rais'd aloft the head:
But here the Queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon wing, disastrous to the view!
Dire was the scene, with whirlwind, hail and show'r!
Black melancholy rul'd the fearful hour!
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where Fate on ev'ry billow seem'd to ride—
Inclos'd with ills, by peril unsubdu'd,
Great in distress, the Master-seaman stood;
Skill'd to command, delib'rate to advise,
Expert in action, and in council wise,
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the Chief referr'd:

synonymous terms, is the movement by which a ship is driven sideways at the mercy of the wind and sea, when she is deprived of the government of the sails and helm.

“ Ye faithful Mates, who all my troubles share,
“ Approv'd companions of your Master's care!
“ To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
“ Our sad distress, already known too well!
“ This morn with fav'ring gales the port we left,
“ Tho' now of ev'ry flatt'ring hope bereft:
“ No skill, nor long experience could forecast
“ Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast.
“ These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
“ No reigning winds nor certain omens know.
“ The hour, th' occasion all your skill demands;
“ A leaky ship embay'd by dang'rous lands.
“ Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds;
“ Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.
“ 'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find;
“ To shun the fury of the seas and wind.
“ For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
“ Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more!
“ Yet this or other ills she must endure;
“ A dire disease, and desp'rate is the cure!
“ Thus two expedients, offer'd to your choice,
“ Alone require your counsel and your voice.
“ These only in our pow'r are left to try;
“ To perish here, or from the storm to fly.
“ The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,
“ For various reasons I prefer the last.
“ 'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight,
“ To me consign'd, my orders only wait;
“ Yet, since the charge of ev'ry life is mine,
“ To equal votes our counsels I resign;
“ Forbid it, Heav'n! that in this dreadful hour
“ I claim the dang'rous reins of purblind pow'r!

“ But should we now resolve to bear away,
“ Our hopeless state can suffer no delay.
“ Nor can we, thus bereft of ev’ry sail,
“ Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale.
“ For then, if broaching sideward to the sea,
“ Our dropsy’d ship may founder by the lee;
“ No more obedient to the pilot’s pow’r,
“ Th’o’erwhelming wave may soon her frame devour.

He said—the list’ning mates with fix’d regard,
And silent rev’rence, his opinion heard.

Important was the question in debate,
And o’er their counsels hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril try’d,
Had oft the Master’s happier skill descry’d;
Yet now, the hour, the scene, th’ occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferr’d his own.

Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart;
Alike to him each climate and each blast;
The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious balancing th’ oppos’d events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents—

“ Too true the perils of the present hour,
“ Where toilssucceedingtoilsourstrengtho’erpower!
“ Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue
“ With death before still opening on the view?
“ Our bark, ’tis true, no shelter here can find,
“ Sore-shatter’d by the ruffian seas and wind.
“ Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee?
“ Chac’d by this tempest and outrageous sea!
“ For while its violence the tempest keeps,
“ Bereft of ev’ry sail we roam the deeps:

“ At random driv’n, to present death we haste!
“ And one short hour perhaps may be our last.
“ In vain the gulf of Corinth, on our lee,
“ Now opens to her ports a passage free;
“ Since, if before the blast the vessel flies,
“ Full in her track unnumber’d dangers rise.
“ Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares;
“ There distant Greece her rugged shelves prepares.
“ Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,
“ The splitting bark that instant were no more!
“ Nor she alone, but with her all the crew
“ Beyond relief were doom’d to perish too.
“ Thus if to scud too rashly we consent,
“ Too late in fatal hour we may repent.
“ Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
“ To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope.
“ Though sorely buffeted by ev’ry sea,
“ Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee.
“ The crew, tho’ harass’d long with toils severe,
“ Still at their pumps perceive no hazard near.
“ Shall we, incautious, then the danger tell,
“ At once their courage and their hope to quell?
“ Prudence forbids—This southern tempest soon
“ May change its quarter with the changing moon.
“ Its rage, tho’ terrible, may soon subside,
“ Nor into mountains lash th’ unruly tide.
“ These leaks shall then decrease; the sails once more
“ Direct our course to some relieving shore—

Thus while he spoke, around from man to man,
At either pump a hollow murmur ran.
For while the vessel, thro’ unnumber’d chinks,
Above, below, th’ invading waters drinks,

Sounding her depth, they ey'd the wetted scale,
And lo! the leaks o'er all their pow'rs prevail.
Yet in their post, by terrors unsubdu'd,
They with redoubling force their task pursu'd.

And now the senior pilot seem'd to wait
Arion's voice to close the dark debate.

Tho' many a bitter storm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's school the wand'ring stripling
taught,

Not twice nine summers yet matur'd his thought.

So oft he bled by fortune's cruel dart,

It fell at last innoxious on his heart.

His mind still shunning care with secret hate,

In patient indolence resign'd to fate.

But now the horrors that around him roll,

Thus rous'd to action his rekindling soul.

“ With fix'd attention, pond'ring in my mind

“ The dark distresses on each side combin'd;

“ While here we linger in the pass of fate,

“ I see no moment left for sad debate.

“ For, some decision if we wish to form,

“ Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,

“ Her shatter'd state, and yon desponding crew,

“ At once suggest what measures to pursue.

“ The lab'ring hull already seems half fill'd

“ With waters through a hundred leaks distill'd;

“ As in a dropsy, wallowing with her freight,

“ Half-drown'd she lies—a dead inactive weight!

“ Thus, drench'd by ev'ry wave, her riven deck,

“ Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck;

“ Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain

“ These fell invasions of the bursting main.

“ At ev’ry pitch th’ o’erwhelming billows bend,
“ Beneath their load, the quiv’ring bowsprit-end.
“ A fearful warning! since the masts on high
“ On that support with trembling hope rely.
“ At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
“ In dark dismay anticipating death.
“ Still all our pow’rs th’ increasing leaks defy:
“ We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh.
“ One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
“ To light and save us from the wat’ry tomb:
“ That bids us shun the death impending here;
“ Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.
“ ’Tis urg’d, indeed, the fury of the gale
“ Precludes the help of ev’ry guiding sail;
“ And driv’n before it on the wat’ry waste,
“ To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste.
“ But haply Falconera we may shun;
“ And far to Grecian coasts is yet the run:
“ Less harass’d then, our scudding ship may bear
“ Th’ assaulting surge repell’d upon her rear;
“ Ev’n then the weary’d storm as soon shall die,
“ Or less torment the groaning pines on high.
“ Should we at last be driv’n by dire decree,
“ Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
“ The hull dismasted there awhile may ride,
“ With lengthen’d cables, on the raging tide.
“ Perhaps kind Heav’n, with interposing pow’r,
“ May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour.
“ But here ingulf’d, and found’ring while we stay,
“ Fate hovers o’er and marks us for her prey.”

He said—Palemon saw, with grief of heart,
The storm prevailing o’er the pilot’s art:

In silent terror and distress involv'd,
He heard their last alternative resolv'd.
High beat his bosom. With such fear subdu'd,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wand'ring swain explor'd
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell!
Arion saw, with secret anguish mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd,
And, all awake to friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tumults beat.
Alas! no season this for tender love!
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove!—
With comfort's soothing voice, from hope deriv'd,
Palemon's drooping spirit he reviv'd.
For Consolation oft with healing art
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart—
Now had the pilots all th' events resolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus resolv'd;
When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds,
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs—
“ Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
“ Whose gallant spirits now are known too late;
“ Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry storm
“ With terrors all the rolling deep deform;
“ Who, patient in adversity, still bear
“ The firmest front when greatest ills are near!
“ The truth, tho' grievous, I must now reveal,
“ That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.

“ Ingulf’d, all help of art we vainly try,
“ To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh.
“ Our crazy bark no longer can abide
“ The seas that thunder o’er her batter’d side;
“ And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
“ That in this raging sea she cannot live,
“ One only refuge from despair we find;
“ At once to veer and scud before the wind.^{*}
“ Perhaps ev’n then to ruin we may steer;
“ For broken shores beneath our lee appear;
“ But that’s remote, and instant death is here! }
“ Yet there, by Heav’n’s assistance, we may gain
“ Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
“ Or, shelter’d by some rock, at anchor ride
“ Till with abating rage the blast subside.”
“ But if, determin’d by the will of Heaven,
“ Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
“ These counsels follow’d, from the wat’ry grave
“ Our floating sailors in the surf may save.
“ And first, let all our axes be secur’d,
“ To cut the masts and rigging from aboard.
“ Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
“ To float between the vessel and the shore.
“ The longest cordage too must be convey’d
“ On deck, and to the weather-rails belay’d.
“ So they, who haply reach alive the land,
“ Th’ extended lines may fasten on the strand.
“ Whene’er, loud thund’ring on the leeward shore,
“ While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar.

^{*} For an explanation of these manœuvres the reader is referred to the last note of this Canto,

“ Thus for the terrible event prepar’d,
 “ Brace fore and aft to starboard ev’ry yard;
 “ So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
 “ And from the broken rocks our seamen save.
 “ Then westward turn the stem, that ev’ry mast
 “ May shoreward fall, when from the vessel cast—
 “ When o’er her side once more the billows bound,
 “ Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground:
 “ And when you hear aloft th’ alarming shock
 “ That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
 “ The boldest of our sailors must descend
 “ The dang’rous bus’ness of the deck to tend:
 “ Then each, secur’d by some convenient cord,
 “ Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the board.
 “ Let the broad axes next assail each mast;
 “ And booms, and oars, and rafts, to leeward cast.
 “ Thus, while the cordage stretch’d ashore may
 guide
 “ Our brave companions thro’ the swelling tide,
 “ This floating lumber shall sustain them o’er
 “ The rocky shelves in safety to the shore.
 “ But as your firmest succour, to the last,
 “ Oh! cling securely to each faithful mast!
 “ Tho’ great the danger, and the task severe,
 “ Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear!
 “ If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,
 “ Adieu to hope! to life itself farewell!
 “ I know, among you some full oft have view’d,
 “ With murd’ring weapons arm’d, a lawless brood,
 “ On England’s vile inhuman shore who stand,
 “ The foul reproach and scandal of our land! }
 “ To rob the wand’ers wreck’d upon the strand. }

“ These, while their savage office they pursue,
“ Oft wound to death the helpless plunder’d crew,
“ Who, scap’d from ev’ry horror of the main,
“ Implor’d their mercy, but implor’d in vain!
“ But dread not this—a crime to Greece unknown!
“ Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown:
“ Her sons, by barb’rous tyranny oppress,
“ Can share affliction with the wretch distress:
“ Their hearts, by cruel fate inur’d to grief,
“ Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.”

With conscious horror struck, the naval band
Detested for awhile their native land.

They curs’d the sleeping vengeance of the laws
That thus forgot her guardian sailor’s cause!
Meanwhile the Master’s voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all rever’d.

“ No more remains—but now a trusty band
“ Must ever at the pump industrious stand,
“ And while with us the rest attend to wear,
“ Two skilful seamen to the helm repair!—
“ O Source of life! our refuge and our stay!
“ Whose Voice the warring elements obey,
“ On thy supreme assistance we rely;
“ Thy Mercy supplicate, if doom’d to die!
“ Perhaps this storm is sent, with healing breath,
“ From neighb’ring shores to scourge disease and
“ ’Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust: [death!
“ With thee, Great Lord! ‘whatever is, is just.’

He said—and with consenting rev’rence fraught,
The sailors join’d his pray’r in silent thought.
His intellectual eye, serenely bright!
Saw distant objects with prophetic light.

Thus in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
That groans beneath misfortune and distress;
Whose wealth to conqu'ring armies falls a prey;
Her bulwarks sinking as her troops decay;
Some bold sagacious statesman, from the helm,
Sees desolation gath'ring o'er his realm;
He darts around his penetrating eyes,
Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise;
With deep attention marks th'invading foe;
Eludes their wiles, and frustrates ev'ry blow;
Tries his last art the tott'ring state to save,
Or in its ruins finds a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills:
On either side they rise; tremendous scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between.¹

¹ That the reader who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when trying, and of the change of her situation to that of scudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

In trying as well as in scudding, the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm, and in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have all her sails furled, or be, according to the sea phrase, under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail, at this time, is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently by pressing her side down in the water; and

The balanc'd ship, now forward, now behind,
Still felt th' impression of the waves and wind,
And to the right and left by turns inclin'd. }

also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her as much as possible from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind is called her coming to, and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her falling off.

Veering, or wearing (see line 1, p. 64, and line 9, p. 69), as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state from trying to that of scudding, or, of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, that every body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed; and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts.

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus in the act of veering which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the

But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw—
The order now was giv'n to bear away;
The order giv'n, the timoneers obey.
High o'er the bowsprit stretch'd the tortur'd sail,
As on the rack, distends beneath the gale.

object of the seaman is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hind part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case, the sails on the hind part of the ship are either furled, or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces; at the same time the foremost sails are spread abroad so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. See line 6 of this page. The fore part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counterbalance each other in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head-way, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for veering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely

But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew,
When in a thousand flitting shreds it flew!—
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.
Away there! low'r the mizen-yard on deck!
He calls—and brace the foremost yards aback!

necessary to veer, in order to save the ship from destruction (see line 5, page 76), the mizen-mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest. See line 5, p. 64, and line 8, p. 69.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water, whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her foremast, or, if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which in the sea-phrase is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding are, generally, a sea striking the ship's stern; the difficulty of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the danger of broaching-to; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder; by broaching-to, suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned; and, for want of sea-room, she is exposed to the dangers of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

His great example every bosom fires;
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires:
While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desp'rate remedy at last he tries—
*Haste, with your weapons cut the shrouds and stay;
And hew at once the mizen-mast away!*

He said, th' attentive sailors on each side,
At his command the trembling cords divide.
Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands;
Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound;
The tall mast groaning, felt the deadly wound—
Deep gash'd with sores, the tott'ring structure rings
And crashing, thundering, o'er the quarter swings.

Thus when some limb, convuls'd with pangs of
Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath; [death,
Th' experienc'd artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays:
But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
Resolv'd at last, he quits th' unequal strife,
Severs the member, and preserves the life.



CANTO III.

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A R G U M E N T.

THE design and influence of Poetry—Applied to the subject—Wreck of the mizen-mast cleared away—Ship veers before the wind. Her violent agitation—Different stations of the officers—Appearance of the island of Falconera—Excursion to the adjacent nations of Greece, renowned in antiquity—Athens—Socrates—Plato—Aristides—Solon—Corinth—Sparta—Leonidas—Invasion of Xerxes—Lycurgus—Epaminondas—Modern appearance—Arcadia; its former happiness and fertility—Present distress, the effect of slavery—Ithaca—Ulysses and Penelope—Argos and Mycenæ—Agamemnon—Macronisi—Lemnos—Vulcan and Venus—Delos—Apollo and Diana—Troy—Sestos—Leander and Hero—Delphos—Temple of Apollo—Parnassus—The Muses—The subject resumed—Sparkling of the sea—Prodigious tempest, accompanied with rain, hail, and meteors—Darkness, lightning, and thunder—Approach of day—Discovery of land—The ship in great danger passes the island of St. George—Turns her broadside to the shore—Her bowsprit, foremast, and main-topmast carried away—She strikes a rock—Splits asunder—Fate of the crew.

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*The scene stretches from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna, in Attica—The time is about seven hours, being from one till eight in the morning.*

WHEN in a barb'rous age, with blood defil'd,  
The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild;



When sullen Ignorance her flag display'd,  
And Rapine and Revenge her voice obey'd;  
Sent from the shores of Light the Muses came  
The dark and solitary race to tame.  
'Twas theirs the lawless passions to controul,  
And melt in tender sympathy the soul;  
The heart from vice and error to reclaim,  
And breathe in human breasts celestial flame.  
The kindling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,  
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay.  
Rous'd from the chaos of primeval night,  
At once fair Truth and Reason sprung to light—  
When great Mæonides, in rapid song,  
The thund'ring tide of battle rolls along,  
Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,  
And all the burning pulses beat to arms.  
From earth upborn, on Pegasean wings,  
Far thro' the boundless realms of thought he springs;  
While distant poets, trembling as they view  
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue.  
But when his strings, with mournful magic, tell  
What dire distress Laertes' son befel,  
The strains, meand'ring thro' the maze of woe,  
Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow.  
Thus in old time, the Muses' heav'nly breath  
With vital force dissolv'd the chains of death:  
Each Bard in epic lays began to sing,  
Taught by the Master of the vocal string—  
'Tis mine, alas! through dang'rous scenes to stray,  
Far from the light of his unerring ray!  
While, all unus'd the wayward path to tread,  
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.



To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre  
 Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire !  
 Full oft, indeed, that mournful harp of yore  
 Wept the sad wand'rer lost upon the shore ;  
 But o'er that scene th' impatient numbers ran,  
 Subservient only to a nobler plan.  
 'Tis mine th' unravell'd prospect to display  
 And chain th' events in regular array.  
 Tho' hard the task to sing in varied strains,  
 While all unchang'd the tragic theme remains !  
 Thrice happy ! might the secret pow'rs of art  
 Unlock the latent windings of the heart !  
 Might the sad numbers draw compassion's tear  
 For kindred mis'ries oft beheld too near ;  
 For kindred wretches, oft in ruin cast  
 On Albion's strand, beneath the wintry blast ;  
 For all the pangs, the complicated woe,  
 Her bravest sons, her faithful sailors know !  
 So pity, gushing o'er each British breast,  
 Might sympathize with Britain's sons distress :  
 For this, my theme thro' mazes I pursue,  
 Which nor Mæonides nor Maro knew.

Awhile the mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,  
 Balanc'd th' impression of the helm and wind :  
 The wounded serpent, agoniz'd with pain,  
 Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain :  
 But now, the wreck dissever'd from the rear,  
 The long reluctant prow began to veer ;  
 And while around before the wind it falls,  
 “ *Square all the yards* <sup>1</sup> ! th' attentive Master calls—

<sup>1</sup> To square the yards, in this place, is meant to arrange them directly athwart the ship's length.



" You, timoneers, her motion still attend!  
 " For on your steerage all our lives depend.  
 " So ! steady <sup>1</sup> ! meet her—watch the blast behind,  
 " And steer her right before the seas and wind !—  
 " Starboard again !"—the watchful pilot cries ;  
 " Starboard," th' obedient timoneer replies.  
 Then to the left the ruling helm returns ;  
 The wheel <sup>2</sup> revolves ; the ringing axle burns.  
 The ship, no longer found'ring by the lee,  
 Bears on her side th' invasions of the sea :  
 All-lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,  
 Scourg'd on by surges, storm and bursting skies.  
 As when the masters of the lance assail,  
 In Hyperborean seas, the slumb'ring whale ;  
 Soon as the jav'lines pierce his scaly hide,  
 With anguish stung, he cleaves the downward  
                   tide :

In vain he flies ! no friendly respite found ;  
 His life-blood gushes thro' th' inflaming wound.

The wounded bark, thus smarting with her pain,  
 Scuds from pursuing waves along the main ;  
 While, dash'd apart by her dividing prow,  
 Like burning adamant the waters glow.  
 Her joints forget their firm elastic tone ;  
 Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan.  
 Upheav'd behind her, in tremendous height,  
 The billows frown with fearful radiance bright !

<sup>1</sup> Steady, is the order to steer the ship according to the line on which she advances at that instant without deviating to the right or left thereof.

<sup>2</sup> In all large ships the helm is managed by a wheel.



Now shiv'ring, o'er the top-most wave she rides,  
While deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides.  
Now, launching headlong down the horrid vale,  
She hears no more the roaring of the gale;  
'Till up the dreadful height again she flies,  
Trembling beneath the current of the skies.  
As that rebellious angel who from Heaven  
To regions of eternal pain was driven,  
When dreadless he forsook the Stygian shore,  
The distant realms of Eden to explore;  
Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheav'd,  
With daring wing th' infernal air he cleav'd,  
There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,  
Far in the rayless void of night was thrown:  
Ev'n so she scales the briny mountain's height,  
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight.  
The masts, around whose tops the whirlwinds sing,  
With long vibration round her axle swing.  
To guide the wayward course, amid the gloom,  
The watchful pilots diff'rent posts assume;  
Albert and Rodmond, station'd on the rear,  
With warning voice direct each timoneer.  
High on the prow the guard Arion keeps  
To shun the cruizers wand'ring o'er the deeps.  
Where'er he moves Palemon still attends,  
As if on him his only hope depends:  
While Rodmond, fearful of some neighb'ring shore,  
Cries, ever and anon—*look out afore!*—  
Four hours thus scudding on the tide she flew,  
When Falconera's rocky height they view;  
High o'er its summit, thro' the gloom of night,  
The glimm'ring watch-tow'r cast a mournful light.



In dire amazement riveted they stand  
 And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand :  
 But soon beyond this shore the vessel flies,  
 Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies.  
 So from the fangs of her insatiate foe,  
 O'er the broad champaign scuds the trembling roe.  
 That danger past, reflects a feeble joy ;  
 But soon returning fears their hope destroy.  
 Thus, in th' Atlantic, oft the sailor eyes,  
 While melting in the reign of softer skies,  
 Some alp of ice, from polar regions blown,  
 Hails the glad influence of a warmer zone :  
 Its frozen cliffs attemper'd gales supply :  
 In cooling stream th' aerial billows fly ;  
 Awhile deliver'd from the scorching heat,  
 In gentler tides the fev'rish pulses beat.  
 So, when their trembling vessel pass'd this isle  
 Such visionary joys the crew beguile :  
 Th' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire!  
 Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire !

Say, Mem'ry ! thou, from whose unerring  
 tongue

Instructive flows the animated song !  
 What regions now the flying ship surround ?  
 Regions of old, thro' all the world renown'd ;  
 That, once the poet's theme, the Muse's boast,  
 Now lie in ruins ; in oblivion lost !  
 Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore, }  
 Unskill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore, }  
 Unconscious pass each famous circling shore ? }  
 They did ; for blasted in the barren shade,  
 Here all too soon the buds of science fade :



Sad Ocean's genius, in untimely hour,  
Withers the bloom of ev'ry springing flow'r.  
Here fancy droops, while sullen cloud and storm  
The gen'rous climate of the soul deform.  
Then if, among the wand'ring naval train,  
One stripling exil'd from th' Aonian plain,  
Had e'er, entranc'd in fancy's soothing dream,  
Approach'd to taste the sweet Castalian stream,  
(Since those salubrious streams, with power divine,  
To purer sense th' attemper'd soul refine)  
His heart with lib'ral commerce here unblest,  
Alien to joy! sincerer grief possess.  
Yet on the youthful mind, th' impression cast,  
Of ancient glory, shall for ever last.  
There, all unquench'd by cruel fortune's ire,  
It glows with inextinguishable fire.

Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread,  
Contiguous lies at Port Liono's head.  
Great Source of science! whose immortal name  
Stands foremost in the glorious roll of fame;  
Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,  
And, firm to truth, eternal honour won.  
The first in virtue's cause his life resign'd,  
By Heav'n pronounc'd the wisest of mankind:  
The last foretold the spark of vital fire,  
The soul's fine essence, never could expire.  
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage,  
That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage.  
Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause,  
Whose sacred precepts shine thro' Solon's laws.  
Of all her tow'ring structures, now alone  
Some scatter'd columns stand with weeds o'ergrown.



The wand'ring stranger near the port describes  
A milk-white lion of stupendous size;  
Unknown the sculptor, marble is the frame:  
And hence th' adjacent haven drew its name.

Next, in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,  
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies;  
Whom, tho' by tyrant-victors oft subdu'd,  
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder view'd.  
Her name, for Pallas' heav'nly art renown'd<sup>r</sup>,  
Spread, like the foliage which her pillars crown'd,  
But now, in fatal desolation laid,  
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

Then further westward, on Morea's land,  
Fair Misitra! thy modern turrets stand.  
Ah! who, unmov'd with secret woe, can tell  
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell?  
Here once she flourished, at whose trumpet's sound  
War burst his chains, and nations shook around.  
Here brave Leonidas, from shore to shore,  
Thro' all Achaia bade her thunders roar;  
He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,  
Advanc'd with Persia's sunless troops to war,  
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,  
And Greece dismay'd beheld the chief draw near;  
He, at Thermopylæ's immortal plain,  
His force repell'd with Sparta's glorious train.  
Tall Oeta saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands,  
In gasping millions, bleed on hostile lands.  
Thus vanquish'd Asia trembling heard thy name,  
And Thebes and Athens sicken'd at thy fame!

<sup>r</sup> Architecture.



Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,  
Drew, like thine arms, superlative applause.  
Ev'n great Epaminondas strove in vain  
To curb that spirit with a Theban chain.  
But, ah! how low her free-born spirit now!  
Her abject sons to haughty tyrants bow;  
A false, degen'rate, superstitious race,  
Infest thy region, and thy name disgrace!

Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains  
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains.  
Thrice happy soil! where still serenely gay,  
Indulgent Flora breath'd perpetual May;  
Where buxom Ceres taught th' obsequious field,  
Rich without art, spontaneous gifts to yield.  
Then with some rural nymph supremely blest,  
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,  
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,  
And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain.  
Now, sad reverse! Oppression's iron hand  
Enslaves her natives, and despoils the land.  
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train  
With midnight ravage scour th' uncultur'd plain.

Westward of these, beyond the Isthmus, lies  
The long-lost isle of Ithacus the wise;  
Where fair Penelope her absent lord  
Full twice ten years with faithful love deplor'd.  
Tho' many a princely heart her beauty won,  
She, guarded only by her stripling son,  
Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,  
And undefil'd the nuptial contract held.  
With various arts to win her love they toil'd,  
But all their wiles by virtuous fraud she foil'd.



True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,  
The beauteous princess triumph'd at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,  
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan;  
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts,  
Far o'er th' Ægean main to Dardan coasts.  
Unhappy prince! who, on a hostile shore,  
Toil, peril, anguish, ten long winters bore.  
And when to native realms restor'd at last  
To reap the harvest of thy labours past,  
A perjur'd friend, alas! and faithless wife,  
There sacrific'd to impious lust thy life!—  
Fast by Arcadia stretch these desert plains,  
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next the fair isle of Helena<sup>1</sup> is seen,  
Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen,  
For whom in arms combin'd the Grecian host,  
With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coast;  
For whom so long they labour'd to destroy  
The sacred turrets of imperial Troy.  
Here, driv'n by Juno's rage, the hapless dame,  
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came.  
The port an image bears of Parian stone,  
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due east from this appears th' immortal shore  
That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore;  
Delos, thro' all th' Ægean seas renown'd  
(Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround)  
By Phœbus honour'd and by Greece rever'd!  
Her hallow'd groves ev'n distant Persia fear'd.

<sup>1</sup> Now known by the name of Macronisi.



But now a silent unfrequented land!  
No human footstep marks the trackless sand!

Thence to the north, by Asia's western bound,  
Fair Lemnos stands with rising marble crown'd,  
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd  
Ill-fated Vulcan from th' ætherial world.  
There his eternal anvils first he rear'd;  
Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd  
Thunders that shook the skies with dire alarms,  
And, form'd by skill divine, Vulcanian arms.  
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace,  
The living scandal of th' empyreal race,  
The beauteous queen of Love in wedlock dwelt:  
In fires profane can heav'nly bosoms melt?

Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,  
That once th' imperial tow'rs of Ilion bore.  
Illustrious Troy! renown'd in every clime,  
Thro' the long annals of unfolding time!  
How oft thy royal bulwarks to defend,  
Thou saw'st thy tut'lar gods in vain descend!  
Tho' chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,  
Tho' nations perish'd on her bloody plain,  
That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame  
Was doom'd at length to sink in Grecian flame:  
And now, by Time's deep plough-share hallow'd  
The seat of sacred Troy is found no more. [o'er,  
No trace of all her glories now remains;  
But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd plains.  
Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore;  
Scamander oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore!

Not far remov'd from Ilion's famous land,  
In counter view appears the Thracian strand;



Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,  
Display'd her Crescent each revolving night;  
Whose gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er  
The rolling Hellespont to Asia's shore,  
'Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast  
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost:  
Then felt her bosom agony severe;  
Her eyes sad-gazing pour'd th' incessant tear;  
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,  
She beat her beauteous breast and tore her hair—  
On dear Leander's name in vain she cry'd:  
Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide:  
The parting tide receiv'd the lov'ly weight,  
And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight!

Far west of Thrace, beyond th' Ægean main,  
Remote from Ocean, lies the Delphic plain,  
The sacred oracle of Phœbus there  
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair!  
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile:  
August the fabric! elegant its stile!  
On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors,  
And chequer'd marble pav'd the polish'd floors,  
The roofs, where story'd tablatures appear'd,  
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd:  
Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd,  
And round the hollow doom bright jewels flam'd.  
Apollo's suppliant priests, a blameless train!  
Fram'd their oblations on the holy fane:  
To front the Sun's declining ray 'twas plac'd,  
With gold'n harps and living laurels grac'd.  
The sciences and arts around the shrine  
Conspicuous shone, engrav'd by hands divine!



Here *Æsculapius*' Snake display'd his crest,  
 And burning glories sparkl'd on his breast:  
 While from his eye's insufferable light  
 Disease and Death recoil'd in headlong flight.  
 Of this great temple, thro' all time renown'd,  
 Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,  
 Parnassus lifts to Heav'n its honour'd head:  
 Where, from the deluges sav'd by Heav'n's command, }  
 Deucalion leading *Pyrrha*, hand in hand, }  
 Re-peopl'd all the desolated land. }  
 Around the scene unfading laurels grow,  
 And aromatic flow'rs for ever blow.  
 The winged choirs, on ev'ry tree above,  
 Carol sweet numbers thro' the vocal grove;  
 While o'er th' eternal spring that smiles beneath,  
 Young zephyrs borne on rosy pinions breathe.  
 Fair daughters of the Sun, the sacred Nine,  
 Here wake to ecstasy their songs divine;  
 Or crown'd with myrtle, in some sweet alcove  
 Attune the tender strings to bleeding love.  
 All sadly sweet the balmy currents roll,  
 Soothing to softest peace the tortur'd soul:  
 While hill and vale with choral voice around,  
 The music of immortal harps resound,  
 Fair Pleasure leads in dance the happy hours,  
 Still scatt'ring where she moves Elysian flow'rs!—

Ev'n now the strains, with sweet contagion  
 fraught,  
 Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought—  
 Adieu! ye vales that smiling peace bestow,  
 Where Eden's blossoms ever-vernal blow!



Adieu! ye streams that o'er enchanted ground  
 In lucid maze th' Aonian hill surround!  
 Ye fairy scenes where fancy loves to dwell,  
 And young delight—for ever, oh, farewell!  
 The soul with tender luxury you fill,  
 And o'er the sense Lethean dew distill!  
 Awake, o Mem'ry, from th' inglorious dream!  
 With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme!  
 Collect thy pow'rs! arouse thy vital fire!  
 Ye spirits of the storm, my verse inspire!  
 Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main  
 In torrents pour along the swelling strain!

Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,  
 Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps:  
 The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,  
 Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.  
 For this assault should either quarter<sup>1</sup> feel,  
 Again to flank the tempest she might reel.  
 The steersmen ev'ry bidden turn apply;  
 To right and left the spokes alternate fly.  
 Thus when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,  
 The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;  
 Indignant they retire, and long oppose  
 Superior armies that around them close;  
 Still shield the flanks; the routed squadrons join;  
 And guide the flight in one embody'd line:  
 So they direct the flying bark before  
 Th' impelling floods, that lash her to the shore.  
 As some benighted trav'ler, thro' the shade,  
 Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd,

<sup>1</sup> The quarter is the hinder part of a ship's side; or that part which is near the stern.



While prowling savages behind him roar,  
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—  
High o'er the poop th' audacious seas aspire,  
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.  
As some fell conqu'ror, frantic with success,  
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress;  
So, while the wat'ry wilderness he roams,  
Incens'd to sev'nfold rage the tempest foams;  
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,  
Shrill thro' the cordage howls, with notes of woe.  
Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,  
Growl from afar, a deaf and hollow groan!  
The ship's high battlements, to either side  
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide:  
Her joints unhing'd, in palsy'd languors play,  
As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.  
The skies, asunder torn, a deluge pour;  
Th' impetuous hail descends in whirling shower.  
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,  
Amid' the gloom portentous meteors blaze.  
Th' ætherial dome, in mournful pomp array'd,  
Now larks behind impenetrable shade;  
Now, flashing round intolerable light,  
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.  
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,  
When Heav'n's loud trumpet sounded o'er his head.  
It seem'd, the wrathful Angel of the wind  
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd;  
And here, to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,  
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd.  
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,  
Th' inflamming sulphur flashing from his wings!—



Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks;  
Mad Chaos from the chains of death awakes!  
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,  
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge;  
There, all aghast, the shiv'ring wretches stood,  
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood.  
Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,  
And dread concussion rends th' ætherial frame:  
Sick Earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,  
And Nature shudd'ring feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,  
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light.  
Swift thro' my pulses glides the kindling fire,  
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.  
But, ah! the force of numbers strive in vain  
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.

But lo! at last, from tenfold darkness born,  
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.  
Hail! sacred vision! who, on orient wings,  
The cheering dawn of light propitious brings!  
All nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray,  
That gave her beauties to returning day:  
All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,  
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descry'd.  
For now, in front, her trembling inmates see  
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.  
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,  
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,  
The nymph ador'd resigns her blooming charms,  
To bless with love some happier rival's arms:  
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,  
That tore Æneas from her arms away;



That saw him parting, never to return,  
Herself in fun'ral flames decreed to burn.  
Oh! yet in clouds, thou genial Source of light,  
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight!  
Go! with thy smile adorn the happy plain,  
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign:  
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam  
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,  
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise:  
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,  
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green.  
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,  
And all their skill relentless Fate oppose;  
For, while more eastward they direct the prow,  
Enormous waves the quiv'ring deck o'erflow.  
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue  
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to<sup>1</sup>.  
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee  
Her riven side could bear th' invading sea;  
And if the following surge she scuds before,  
Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore;  
A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,  
Where death in secret ambush lurks around.  
Far less dismay'd, Anchises' wand'ring son  
Was seen the straits of Sicily to shun:

<sup>1</sup> Broaching-to, is a sudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ship, whilst scudding or sailing before the wind, unexpectedly turns her side to windward. It is generally occasioned by the difficulty of steering her, or by some disaster happening to the machinery of the helm. See the last note of the Second Canto.



When Palinurus, from the helm, descry'd  
The rocks of Scylla, on his eastern side;  
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclos'd,  
His onward path Charybdis' gulf oppos'd.  
The double danger as by turns he view'd,  
His wheeling bark her arduous track pursu'd.  
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,  
Between th' extremes the daring vessel flies.  
With boundless involution, bursting o'er  
The marble cliffs loud dashing surges roar.  
Hoarse thro' each winding creek the tempest raves,  
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.  
Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares  
To crush the trembling ship unnumber'd snares.  
But haply now she scapes the fatal strand,  
Tho' scarce ten fathoms distant from the land.  
Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,  
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow;  
And forward leaping with tumultuous haste,  
As on the tempest's wing the isle she past,  
With longing eyes and agony of mind,  
The sailors view this refuge left behind;  
Happy to bribe with India's richest ore,  
A safe accession to that barren shore!

When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,  
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,  
The groaning captive wastes his life away,  
For ever exil'd from the realms of day;  
Not equal pangs his bosom agonize,  
When far above the sacred light he eyes;  
While, all-forlorn, the victim pines in vain  
For scenes he never shall possess again.



But now Athenian mountains they descry,  
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high;  
Beside the cape's projecting verge is plac'd  
A range of columns, long by time defac'd;  
First planted by devotion to sustain,  
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane:  
Foams the wild beach below, with mad'ning rage,  
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.  
The sickly heav'n, fermenting with its freight,  
Still vomits o'er the main the fev'rish weight:  
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,  
Thro' the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,  
A flash, quick-glancing on the nerves of light,  
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:  
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,  
Touch'd with compassion gaz'd upon the blind;  
And, while around his sad companions crowd,  
He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud.  
"Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend!" he cries;  
"Thy only succour on the mast relies!"—  
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,  
Now scarce subdu'd the wild unbridl'd course.  
Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came  
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim:  
Amaz'd he saw her, o'er the sounding foam  
Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.  
So gaz'd young Phaeton, with pale dismay,  
When, mounted in the flaming Car of day,  
With rash and impious hand, the stripling try'd  
Th' immortal coursers of the Sun to guide.—  
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,  
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly;



Fate spurs her on—Thus, issuing from afar,  
Advances to the sun some blazing star;  
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,  
Springs onward with accelerated course.

With mournful look the seamen ey'd the strand,  
Where death's inexorable jaws expand;  
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,  
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.  
Now, on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,  
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.  
The Genius of the deep, on rapid wing,  
The black eventful moment seem'd to bring.  
The fatal Sisters, on the surge before,  
Yok'd their infernal horses to the prore.  
The steersmen now receiv'd their last command,  
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.  
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,  
High on the platform of the top ascend;  
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow  
Immerges headlong in the wave below,  
Down-prest by wat'ry weight the bowsprit bends,  
And from above the stem deep-crashing rends.  
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;  
The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high:  
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,  
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;  
While, in the gen'ral wreck, the faithful stay  
Drags the main-topmast from its post away.  
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain  
Thro' hostile floods their vessel to regain;  
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,  
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.



The hostile waters close around their head;  
They sink for ever, number'd with the dead!

Those who remain their fearful doom await,  
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.  
The heart, that bleeds with sorrows all its own,  
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan—  
Albert and Rodmond, and Palemon here,  
With young Arion, on the mast appear;  
Ev'n they, amid th' unspeakable distress,  
In ev'ry look distracting thoughts confess;  
In ev'ry vein the reflux blood congeals,  
And ev'ry bosom fatal terror feels.

Inclos'd with all the demons of the main,  
They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain.  
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,  
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,  
Such torments agonize the damned breast,  
While fancy views the mansions of the blest.  
For Heav'n's sweet help their suppliant cries implore;  
But Heav'n, relentless, deigns to help no more!

And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,  
With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near!  
The ship hangs hov'ring on the verge of death,  
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!  
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore  
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;  
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,  
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.  
Ev'n Xeno's self, and Epictetus old,  
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.  
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,  
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,

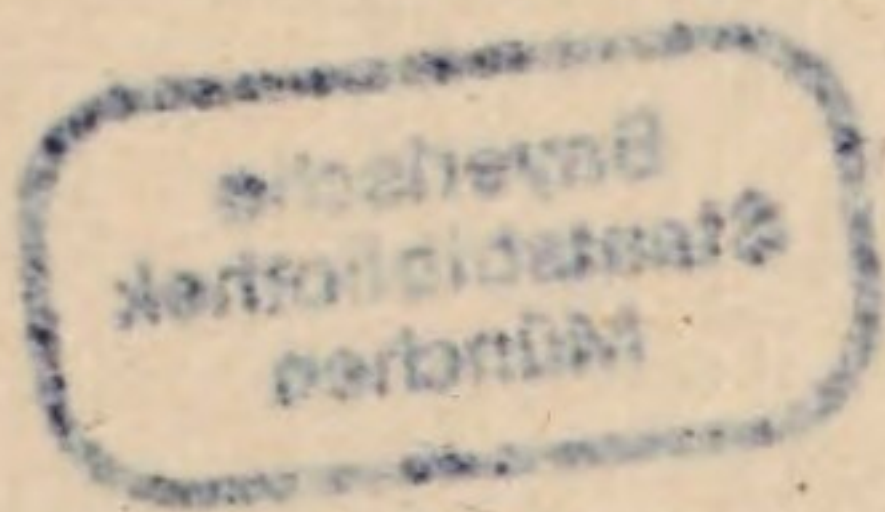




Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,  
His soul had trembled to its last recess! —  
Oh! yet confirm my heart, ye Powers above,  
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove:  
The tott'ring frame of reason yet sustain!  
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,  
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard;  
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,  
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.  
Uplifted on the surge, to heav'n she flies,  
Her shatter'd top half bury'd in the skies;  
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,  
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!  
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,  
And, quiv'ring with the wound, in torment reels!  
So reels convuls'd with agonizing throes,  
The bleeding hull beneath the murd'rer's blows —  
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock  
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!  
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,  
The fated victims shudd'ring roll their eyes  
In wild despair, while yet another stroke,  
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak!  
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell  
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,  
At length asunder torn her frame divides,  
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

Oh! were it mine with tuneful Maro's art  
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,  
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress  
In all the pomp of exquisite distress!





Then, too severely taught by cruel fate,  
To share in all the perils I relate,  
Then might I with unrival'd strains deplore  
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore!

As o'er the surge the stooping main-mast hung,  
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung :  
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,  
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast :  
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows' rage,  
Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;  
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego  
Their slipp'ry hold, and sink to shades below.  
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown  
On marble ridges, die without a groan.  
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,  
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend :  
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,  
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide ;  
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,  
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive ;  
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,  
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew!

Next, o unhappy Chief! th' eternal doom  
Of Heav'n decreed thee to the briny tomb!  
What scenes of misery torment thy view!  
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!  
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,  
O'erspread with corpses! red with human blood!  
So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd  
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;  
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,  
Expir'd beneath the victor's murd'ring steel!



Thus with his helpless partners, till the last,  
Sad refuge! Albert hugs the floating mast;  
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,  
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;  
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain  
Tugs at his yearning heart with pow'rful strain;  
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn  
For him, alas! who never shall return;  
To black adversity's approach expos'd,  
With want and hardship unforeseen enclos'd :  
His lovely daughter left without a friend,  
Her innocence to succour and defend;  
By youth and indigence set forth a prey  
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—  
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,  
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;  
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,  
His out-stretch'd arms the master's legs enfold—  
Sad Albert feels his dissolution near,  
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear; }  
For death bids ev'ry clinching joint adhere. }  
All faint, to Heav'n he throws his dying eyes,  
And, "oh! protect my wife and child!" he cries :  
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd  
sound!

He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!

Five only left of all the perish'd throng,  
Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along;  
With these Arion still his hold secures,  
And all th' assaults of hostile waves endures.  
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,  
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives :



Ah! wherefore, trusting to unequal art,  
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?  
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,  
Who strikes them once beyond relief must die :  
And now, sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost,  
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.

Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round,  
In vain! His eyes no more Palemon found.  
The demons of destruction hover nigh,  
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly :  
And now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,  
Two next Arion furious tears away.

Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gasp! they bleed!  
And, groaning, cling upon th' elusive weed!  
Another billow burst in boundless roar!  
Arion sinks! and Mem'ry views no more!

Ha! total night and horror here preside!  
My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide!  
It is the fun'ral knell! and, gliding near,  
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!

But lo! emerging from the wat'ry grave,  
Again they float incumbent on the wave!  
Again the dismal prospect op'ns round,  
The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drown'd!  
And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,  
Those two who scramble on th' adjacent rocks!  
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,  
They sink o'erwhelm'd, and never rise again!

Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,  
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore :  
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze  
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze :



The floods recoil ! the ground appears below !  
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow :  
Awhile they wait th' exhausted wave's retreat,  
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.  
O Heav'n ! deliver'd by whose sov'reign hand,  
Still on the brink of hell they shudd'ring stand,  
Receive the languid incense they bestow,  
That damp with death appears not yet to glow.  
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,  
With trembling ardour of unequal praise ;  
In ev'ry heart dismay with wonder strives,  
And Hope the sicken'd spark of life revives :  
Her magic pow'rs their exil'd health restore,  
Till horror and despair are felt no more.

A troop of Grecians, who inhabit nigh,  
And oft these perils of the deep descry,  
Rous'd by the blust'ring tempest of the night,  
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighb'ring height ;  
When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,  
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood ;  
The surf with mangl'd bodies strew'd around,  
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground !  
Tho' lost to science and the nobler arts,  
Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts :  
Strait down the vale with hast'ning steps they hy'd,  
Th' unhappy suff'ers to assist and guide.

Meanwhile those three escap'd beneath explore  
The first advent'rous youth who reach'd the shore ;  
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,  
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay —  
It is Palemon ! — oh ! what tumults roll  
With hope and terror in Arion's soul !



“ If yet unhurt he lives again to view  
“ His friend, and this sole remnant of our crew!  
“ With us to travel thro’ this foreign zone,  
“ And share the future good or ill unknown—”  
Arion thus—but, ah! sad doom of fate!  
That bleeding Mem’ry sorrows to relate,  
While yet afloat on some resisting rock,  
His ribs were dash’d, and fractur’d with the shock:  
Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks, so late array’d  
In beauty’s bloom, are pale with mortal shade!  
Distilling blood his lovely breast o’erspread,  
And clogg’d the golden tresses of his head!  
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke  
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.  
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array’d,  
Thy image, lovely Anna! hung portray’d;  
Th’ unconscious figure smiling all serene,  
Suspended in a golden chain was seen.  
Hadst thou, soft maiden! in this hour of woe,  
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,  
What force of art, what language could express  
Thine agony! thine exquisite distress!  
But thou, alas! art doom’d to weep in vain,  
For him thine eyes shall never see again!  
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz’d,  
And cautiously the wounded youth uprais’d;  
Palemon then, with cruel pangs oppress,  
In fault’ring accents thus his friend address:  
“ Oh! rescu’d from destruction late so nigh,  
“ Beneath whose fatal influence doom’d I lie;  
“ Are we then exil’d to this last retreat  
“ Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet!



“ Ah ! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy’d,  
“ Enchanting hopes for ever now destroy’d !  
“ For wounded far beyond all healing power,  
“ Palemon dies, and this his final hour,  
“ By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove:  
“ At once cut off from fortune, life, and love !  
“ Far other scenes must soon present my sight,  
“ That lie deep-bury’d yet in tenfold night.  
“ Ah ! wretched father of a wretched son,  
“ Whom thy paternal prudence has undone !  
“ How will remembrance of this blinded care  
“ Bend down thy head with anguish and despair !  
“ Such dire effects from avarice arise,  
“ That, deaf to nature’s voice, and vainly wise,  
“ With force severe endeavours to controul  
“ The noblest passions that inspire the soul.  
“ But, oh ! thou sacred Pow’r ! whose law connects  
“ Th’ eternal chain of causes and effects,  
“ Let not thy chast’ning ministers of rage  
“ Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age !  
“ And you, Arion ! who with these the last  
“ Of all our crew survive the Shipwreck past—  
“ Ah ! cease to mourn ! those friendly tears restrain !  
“ Nor give my dying moments keener pain !  
“ Since Heav’n may soon thy wand’ring steps restore,  
“ When parted hence, to England’s distant shore ;  
“ Shouldst thou, th’ unwilling messenger of fate,  
“ To him the tragic story first relate,  
“ Oh ! friendship’s gen’rous ardour then suppress !  
“ Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress :  
“ Nor let each horrid incident sustain  
“ The lengthen’d tale to aggravate his pain.



“ Ah! then remember well my last request,  
“ For her who reigns for ever in my breast;  
“ Yet let him prove a father and a friend,  
“ The helpless maid to succour and defend.  
“ Say, I this suit implor’d with parting breath,  
“ So Heav’n befriend him at his hour of death!  
“ But, oh! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell  
“ What dire untimely end thy friend befel,  
“ Draw o’er the dismal scene soft pity’s veil,  
“ And lightly touch the lamentable tale;  
“ Say, that my love, inviolably true,  
“ No change, no diminution ever knew;  
“ Lo! her bright image, pendent on my neck,  
“ Is all Palemon rescu’d from the wreck;  
“ Take it, and say, when panting in the wave,  
“ I struggl’d, life and this alone to save!

“ My soul, that flutt’ring hastens to be free,  
“ Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,  
“ But strives in vain!—the chilling ice of death  
“ Congeals my blood, and choaks the stream of breath:  
“ Resign’d she quits her comfortless abode,  
“ To course that long, unknown, eternal road—  
“ O sacred Source of ever-living light!  
“ Conduct the weary wand’rer in her flight!  
“ Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,  
“ Where peril, pain, and death are felt no more!  
“ When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,  
“ That steals from pity’s eye the melting tear,  
“ Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join’d,  
“ To absence, sorrow, and despair consign’d,  
“ Oh! then, to swell the tides of social woe,  
“ That heal th’ afflicted bosom they o’erflow,



“ While Mem’ry dictates, this sad Shipwreck tell,  
 “ And what distress thy wretched friend befel!  
 “ Then while in streams of soft compassion drown’d,  
 “ The swains lament, and maidens weep around:  
 “ While lisping children, touch’d with infant fear,  
 “ With wonder gaze, and drop th’ unconscious tear:  
 “ Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain—  
 “ All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain<sup>1</sup>! ”

The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,  
 That now inactive to the palate clung;  
 His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!  
 And shades eternal sink upon his eyes!

As thus defac’d in death Palemon lay,  
 Arion gaz’d upon the lifeless clay,  
 Transfix’d he stood, with awful terror fill’d,  
 While down his cheeks the silent drops distill’d:

“ Oh, ill-star’d vot’ry of unspotted truth!  
 “ Untimely perish’d in the bloom of youth,  
 “ Should e’er thy friend arrive on Albion’s land,  
 “ He will obey, tho’ painful thy demand:  
 “ His tongue the dreadful story shall display,  
 “ And all the horrors of this dismal day!  
 “ Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred!  
 “ What anguish to the living and the dead!  
 “ How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,  
 “ And ever doom’d the orphan child to mourn;  
 “ Thro’ life’s sad journey hopeless to complain!  
 “ Can sacred justice those events ordain!

——— *sed scilicet ultima semper  
 Expectanda dies homini; dicique beatus  
 Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.*  
 Ovid. Metam. lib. 3.



“ But, o my Soul! avoid that wond’rous maze,  
“ Where Reason, lost in endless error, strays!  
“ As thro’ this thorny vale of life we run,  
“ Great Cause of all effects, “ Thy will be done!”

Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv’d,  
To aid the helpless few who yet surviv’d:  
While passing they behold the waves o’erspread  
With shatter’d rafts and corses of the dead;  
Three still alive, benumb’d and faint they find,  
In mournful silence on a rock reclin’d.  
The gen’rous natives, mov’d with social pain,  
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;  
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,  
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.





## THE ART OF DANCING,

BY SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

Inscribed to Lady FANNY. FIELDING.

*Heureux qui dans ses vers sait, d'une voix légère,  
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère!*

BOILEAU.

Rich is our choice : difficult readers may  
Pass from the serious subject to the gay.

P.

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*Incessu patuit Dea. VIRG.*

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## CANTO I.

IN the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,  
Easy with care, and sprightly tho' serene,  
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,  
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,  
I teach—Be present, all ye sacred Choir,  
Blow the soft flute, and strike the sounding lyre!  
When Fielding bids, your kind assistance bring,  
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling.  
Oh! may her eyes ( to her this verse is due )  
What first themselves inspir'd vouchsafe to view!  
Hail! loveliest art that canst all hearts insnare,  
And make the fairest still appear more fair!  
Beauty can little execution do  
Unless she borrows half her arms from you;  
Few, like Pygmalion, doat on lifeless charms,  
Or care to clasp a statue in their arms;



But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire  
When air and motion wake the sleeping fire :  
A Venus, drawn by great Apelles' hand,  
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,  
But still, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,  
The lifeless piece can never warm the heart ;  
So fair a nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,  
Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,  
But, when her charms are in the dance display'd,  
Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid :  
This sets her beauty in the fairest light,  
And shews each grace in full perfection bright ;  
Then as she turns around, from ev'ry part,  
Like porcupines, she sends a piercing dart ;  
In vain, alas ! the fond spectator tries  
To shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes,  
For, Parthian like, she wounds as sure behind  
With flowing curls, and iv'ry neck reclin'd :  
Whether her steps the Minuet's mazes trace,  
Or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace  
Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,  
Or sprightly Jigg displays the nimble Fair,  
At ev'ry step new beauties we explore,  
And worship now what we admir'd before :  
So when Æneas in the Tyrian grove  
Fair Venus met, the charming Queen of love,  
The beauteous Goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,  
Seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood ;  
But when she moved, at once her heav'nly mien  
And graceful step confest bright beauty's Queen ;  
New glories o'er her form each moment rise,  
And all the Goddess opens to his eyes.



Now haste, my Muse! pursue thy destin'd way;  
What dresses best become the dancer say;  
The rules of dress forget not to impart,  
A lesson previous to the dancing art.

The soldier's scarlet, glowing from afar,  
Shews that his bloody occupation's war;  
Whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,  
As plainly speaks divinity within;  
The milk-maid safe thro' driving rains and snows,  
Wrapt in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes;  
While the soft Belle immur'd in velvet chair,  
Needs but the silken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare:  
The woolly drab, and English broad-cloth warm,  
Guard well the horseman from the beating storm,  
But load the dancer with too great a weight,  
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat;  
Rather let him his active limbs display  
In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy;  
Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press,  
But airy, light and easy be his dress;  
Thin be his yielding sole, and low his heel,  
So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,  
Precepts with use will better teach than song;  
For why should I the gallant spark command  
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?  
Or in his fob enliv'ning spirits wear,  
And pungent salts to raise the fainting Fair?  
Or hint, the sword that dangles at his side  
Should from its silken bondage be unty'd?  
Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,  
Lest snowy clouds from out their wigs arise:



So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,  
And shining silks with greasy powder soil'd,  
Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware  
Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare;  
The pointed steel shall oft their stockings rend,  
And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful Fair, I sing to you !  
With pleasing smiles my useful labours view.  
For you the silk-worms fine-wrought webs display,  
And lab'ring spin their little lives away ;  
For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,  
Fair as the dyes that paint the heav'nly bow ;  
For you the sea resigns its pearly store,  
And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore ;  
In vain yet Nature thus her gifts bestows  
Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, Nymphs, that, in the glitt'ring  
ball,

One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all ;  
One brightest shines when wealth and art combine  
To make the finish'd piece completely fine ;  
When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,  
And rich in native beauties wants not arts ;  
In some are such resistless graces found  
That in all dresses they are sure to wound ;  
Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,  
And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.

Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheeks is  
seen

A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green ;  
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go ;  
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow :



The lass, whose skin is like the hazel brown,  
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own;  
While maids, grown pale with sickness or despair,  
The sable's mournful dye should chuse to wear;  
So the pale Moon still shines with purest light  
Cloath'd in the dusky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all those treach'rous arts  
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts;  
Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,  
Nor suffers charms that Nature's hand denies:  
Tho' for a while we may with wonder view  
The rosy blush and skin of lovely hue,  
Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,  
And melt the waxen lips and neck of snow:  
So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,  
Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground;  
Through the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow  
With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow;  
O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,  
And a new bright creation charms our eyes,  
Till Zephyr breathes; then all at once decay  
The splendid scenes, their glories fade away;  
The fields resign the beauties not their own,  
And all their snowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous points advise,  
I should condemn the hoop's enormous size:  
Of ills I speak by long experience found,  
Oft have I trod th' immeasurable round,  
And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many a  
wound.

Nor should the tighten'd stays, too straightly lac'd,  
In whalebone bondage gall the slender waist;



Nor waving lappets should the dancing Fair  
Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;  
Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold  
On the approaching button rough with gold;  
Nor force nor art can then the bonds divide  
When once th' entangl'd Gordian knot is ty'd :  
So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's pow'r  
Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,  
The more they strive their freedom to regain,  
The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,  
Ever be sure to tie her garter fast  
Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,  
A wish'd-for prize to some proud fop should fall,  
Who the rich treasure shall triumphant shew,  
And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But yet (as fortune by the self-same ways  
She humbles many, some delights to raise)  
It happen'd once, a fair illustrious Dame  
By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame.  
And hence the radiant Star and Garter blue  
Britannia's Nobles grace, if fame says true!  
Hence still, Plantagenet, thy beauties bloom,  
Tho' long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb;  
Still thy lost Garter is thy Sov'reign's care,  
And what each royal breast is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,  
Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind!  
Lay not, ye Fair, the pretty toy aside,  
A toy at once display'd for use and pride,  
A wond'rous engine that by magic charms,  
Cools your own breasts, and every other's warms.



What daring Bard shall e'er attempt to tell  
The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell?  
What verse can e'er explain its various parts,  
Its num'rous uses, motions, charms, and arts?  
Its painted folds that oft, extended wide,  
Th' afflicted Fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,  
When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill  
If Strephon is unkind, or Shock is ill?  
Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,  
And pointing fingers numbers o'er and o'er,  
When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,  
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame!  
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,  
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?

Forbear, my Muse! th' extensive theme to sing  
Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing;  
Rather do you in humble lines proclaim  
From whence this engine took its form, and came;  
Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth,  
How form'd in heav'n, how thence deduc'd to  
earth.

Once, in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love,  
There liv'd a nymph, the pride of all the grove,  
A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,  
An easy shape, and sweetly-blooming face;  
Fanny, the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,  
Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair;  
To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,  
Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string;  
For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,  
Whilst Fanny's name resounds through ev'ry grove,  
And spreads on ev'ry tree, inclos'd in knots of love;



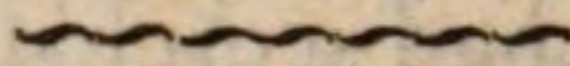
As Fielding's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,  
Like her in beauty, as alike in name.

'Twas when the summer sun, now mounted high,  
With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,  
Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,  
To shun the heat this lovely nymph was laid.  
The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread  
A blush that added to their native red,  
And her fair breast, as polish'd marble white,  
Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight:  
Æolus, the mighty God whom winds obey,  
Observ'd the beauteous Maid as thus she lay;  
O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,  
And suck'd in poison at the dang'rous sight;  
He sighs, he burns; at last declares his pain,  
But still he sighs, and still he woos in vain;  
The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,  
Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own;  
But still complains, that he who rul'd the air  
Would not command one zephyr to repair  
Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play  
Through the dark glade, to cool the sultry day  
By love incited, and the hopes of joy,  
Th' ingenious God contriv'd this pretty toy,  
With gales incessant to relieve her flame,  
And call'd it Fan, from lovely Fanny's name.





## CANTO II.



Now see, prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance  
The lovely nymphs and well-dress'd youths advance!  
The spacious room receives its jovial guest,  
And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress:  
Thick rang'd on ev'ry side, with various dyes  
The Fair in glossy silks our sight surprize  
So in a garden bath'd with genial showers  
A thousand sorts of variegated flowers,  
Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,  
And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.  
High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,  
Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,  
Their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow,  
Reflected back from gems, and eyes below:  
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded Fair  
With breathing zephyrs move the circling air:  
The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre,  
Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire;  
Fraught with all joys the blissful moments fly,  
Whilst Music melts the ear, and Beauty charms the  
eye.

Now let the youth, to whose superior place  
It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,  
With humble bow and ready hand prepare  
Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen Fair;  
The Fair shall not his kind request deny,  
But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.



But stay, rash Pair! nor yet untaught advance:  
First hear the Muse ere you attempt to dance:  
By art directed o'er the foaming tide  
Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide;  
By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,  
Springs at the whip, and hears the strait'ning rein;  
To art our bodies must obedient prove  
If e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.

Long was the dancing art unfix'd and free,  
Hence lost in error, and uncertainty;  
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,  
But ev'ry master taught a diff'rent way:  
Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd  
The lovely product ev'n in blooming died:  
Through various hands in wild confusion tost,  
Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost,  
Until Fuillet<sup>1</sup>, the pride of Gallia rose,  
And did the dance in characters compose;  
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,  
And ev'ry step in lasting volumes wrote;  
Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,  
And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read;  
By distant masters shall each step be seen,  
Tho' mountains rise, and oceans roar between;  
Hence, with her sister arts, shall Dancing claim  
An equal right to universal fame;  
And Isaac's Rigadoon shall live as long  
As Raphael's painting, or as Virgil's song.

Wise Nature ever, with a prudent hand,  
Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land;

<sup>1</sup> Fuillet wrote the "Art of Dancing by Characters," in French, since translated by Weaver.



To ev'ry nation frugally imparts  
A genius fit for some peculiar arts;  
To trade the Dutch incline, the Swiss to arms,  
Music and verse are soft Italia's charms;  
Britannia justly glories to have found  
Lands unexplor'd and sail'd the globe around;  
But none will sure presume to rival France,  
Whether she forms or executes the dance:  
To her exalted genius 'tis we owe  
The sprightly Rigadoon and Louvre slow,  
The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,  
Th' immortal Minuet, and smooth Bretagne,  
With all those dances of illustrious fame,  
Which from their native country take their name<sup>r</sup>;  
With these let ev'ry ball be first begun  
Nor Country-dance intrude till these are done.

Each cautious Bard, ere he attempts to sing,  
First gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing;  
And if he finds that with uncommon fire  
The Muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,  
At once to Heav'n he soars in lofty odes,  
And sings alone of Heroes and of Gods;  
But if he trembling fears a flight so high,  
He then descends to softer elegy;  
And if in elegy he can't succeed,  
In pastoral he still may tune the oaten reed:  
So should the dancer, ere he tries to move,  
With care his strength, his weight, and genius prove;  
Then if he finds kind Nature's gifts impart  
Endowments proper for the dancing art,

<sup>r</sup> French Dances.



If in himself he feels together join'd,  
An active body and ambitious mind,  
In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,  
Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance:  
If these he fears to reach with easy pace  
Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace:  
Is this too hard? this too let him forbear,  
And to the Country-dance confine his care.

Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,  
To keep true time be your first thoughts employ'd;  
All other errors they in vain shall mend  
Who in this one important point offend;  
For this, when now united hand in hand  
Eager to start the youthful couple stand,  
Let them a while their nimble feet restrain,  
And with soft taps beat time to ev'ry strain:  
So for the race prepar'd two coursers stand,  
And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.

In vain a master shall employ his care,  
Where nature once has fix'd a clumsy air;  
Rather let such, to country sports confin'd,  
Pursue the flying hare or tim'rous hind:  
Nor yet, while I the rural Squire despise,  
A mien effeminate would I advise:  
With equal scorn I would the fop deride,  
Nor let him dance—but on the woman's side.

And you, fair Nymphs, avoid with equal care  
A stupid dulness and a coquet air;  
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,  
Asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round;  
Nor yet, with giddy looks and wanton pride,  
Stare all around, and skip from side to side.



True dancing, like true wit, is best exprest  
By nature only to advantage drest;  
'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,  
That can pretend to please a curious eye;  
Good judges no such tumbler's tricks regard,  
Or think them beautiful, because they're hard.

'Tis not enough that ev'ry stander-by  
No glaring errors in your steps can spy;  
The dance and music must so nicely meet,  
Each note should seem an echo to your feet;  
A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,  
Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell,  
Not to be taught, but ever to be seen  
In Flavia's air, and Chloe's easy mien;  
'Tis such an air that makes her thousands fall,  
When Fielding dances at a birth-night-ball;  
Smooth as Camilla, she skims o'er the plain,  
And flies, like her, through crowds of heroes slain.

Now when the Minuet, oft repeated o'er,  
(Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,  
And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand  
Her charms, declines the circulating hand;  
Then let the jovial Country-Dance begin,  
And the loud fiddles call each straggler in:  
But ere they come permit me to disclose  
How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose.

In ancient times (such times are now no more)  
When Albion's crown illustrious Arthur wore,  
In some fair op'ning glade, each summer's night,  
Where the pale Moon diffus'd her silver light,  
On the soft carpet of a grassy field,  
'The sporting Fairies their assemblies held:



Some, lightly tripping with their pigmy Queen,  
In circling ringlets mark'd the level green;  
Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,  
And music warble through the groves around;  
Oft lonely shepherds by the forest side,  
Belated peasants oft their revels spy'd,  
And, home returning, o'er their nut-brown ale  
Their guest diverted with the wond'rous tale.  
Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,  
And, fond to imitate the pleasing toil,  
Round where the trembling May-pole, fix'd on high,  
Uplifts its flow'ry honours to the sky,  
The ruddy maids and sun-burnt swains resort,  
And practise ev'ry night the lovely sport;  
On ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,  
Whose active elbows swelling winds command;  
The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,  
And blow in ev'ry breast a gen'rous fire.

Thus taught, at first the Country-Dance began,  
And hence to cities and to courts it ran;  
Succeeding ages did in time impart  
Various improvements to the lovely art;  
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,  
Great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd:  
Hence the loud fiddle and shrill trumpet's sounds  
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds;  
Hence gems, and silks, brocades, and ribbons join  
To make the Ball with perfect lustre shine.

So rude at first the tragic Muse appear'd:  
Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard;  
Where twisting trees a cooling arbour made  
The pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade;



The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,  
And in a cart the strolling actors rode;  
Till time at length improv'd the great design,  
And bade the scenes with painted landscapes shine:  
Then art did all the bright machines dispose,  
And theatres of Parian marble rose;  
Then mimic thunder shook the canvas sky,  
And Gods descended from their tow'rs on high.

With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare  
To choose a partner from the mingled Fair;  
Vain would be here th' instructing Muse's voice  
If she pretended to direct his choice:  
Beauty alone by fancy is exprest,  
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breast:  
A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,  
Whilst nut-brown cheeks another's bosom fires;  
Small waists and slender limbs some hearts insnare,  
Whilst others love the more substantial fair.

But let not outward charms your judgment sway—  
Your reason rather than your eyes obey;  
And in the dance, as in the marriage noose,  
Rather for merit than for beauty choose:  
Be she your choice who knows with perfect skill  
When she should move, and when she should be still;  
Who uninstructed can perform her share,  
And kindly half the pleasing burden bear.  
Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate  
Who, fetter'd in the matrimonial state,  
With a poor simple inexperience'd wife,  
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life:  
And such is his, with such a partner join'd,  
A moving puppet, but without a mind;



Still must his hand be pointing out the way,  
Yet ne'er can teach so fast as she can stray :  
Beneath her follies he must ever groan,  
And ever blush for errors not his own.

But now, behold! united hand in hand,  
Rang'd on each side, the well-pair'd couples stand!  
Each youthful bosom, beating with delight,  
Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing sight ;  
While lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,  
A heart that starts, and leaps above the stays,  
Quick busy hands, and bridling heads declare  
The fond impatience of the starting Fair.  
And see! the sprightly dance is now begun!  
Now here, now there, the giddy maze they run;  
Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,  
Now all confus'd, too swift for sight they spring :  
So in a wheel, with rapid fury tost,  
The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.

The dancer here no more requires a guide ;  
To no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd ;  
The Muse's precepts here would useless be  
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free ;  
Let him but to the Music's voice attend ;  
By this instructed, he can ne'er offend :  
If to his share it falls the dance to lead  
In well-known paths he may be sure to tread ;  
If others lead, let him their motions view,  
And in their steps the winding maze pursue.

In ev'ry Country-Dance a serious mind,  
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find.  
In hunt-the-squirrel thus the nymph we view  
Seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue :



Thus in round dances where our partners change,  
And unconfi'd from Fair to Fair we range,  
As soon as one from his own consort flies,  
Another seizes on the lovely prize;  
A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,  
Till the next comer steals her from his arms;  
New ones succeed, the last is still her care;  
How true an emblem of th' inconstant Fair!

Where can philosophers, and sages wise,  
Who read the curious volumes of the skies,  
A model more exact than Dancing name  
Of the Creation's universal frame?  
Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ethereal way  
In a bright regular confusion stray;  
Now here, now there, they whirl along the sky,  
Now near approach, and now far distant fly;  
Now meet in the same order they begun,  
And then the great celestial Dance is done.

Where can the moralist find a juster plan  
Of the vain labours, and the life of man?  
A while through justling crowds we toil and sweat,  
And eagerly pursue we know not what;  
Then, when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,  
Quite tir'd, sit down, just where we first begun.

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care  
Has giv'n a partner exquisitely fair,  
Let not her charms so much engage your heart  
That you neglect the skilful dancer's part:  
Be not, when you the tuneful notes shall hear,  
Still whisp'ring idle prattle in her ear;  
When you should be employ'd, be not at play,  
Nor for your joys all other steps delay;



But when the finish'd dance you once have done,  
And with applause through ev'ry couple run,  
There rest a while; there snatch the fleeting bliss,  
The tender whisper, and the balmy kiss;  
Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,  
And her moist palm with eager fingers press;  
With smiles the Fair shall hear your warm desires,  
When music melts her soul, and dancing fires.

Thus, mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue  
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view;  
Then, when approaching day its beams displays,  
And the dull candles shine with fainter rays,  
Then, when the sun just rises o'er the deep,  
And each bright eye is almost set in sleep,  
With ready hand obsequious youths prepare  
Safe to her coach to lead each chos'n Fair,  
And guard her from the Morn's inclement air:  
Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,  
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread:  
Around her shoulders let this arm be cast,  
Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist;  
With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,  
Unchill'd by nightly damps or wint'ry snow;  
While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger  
warm,

Safely protects her inward frame from harm.

But ever let my lovely pupils fear  
To chill their mantling blood with cold small-beer:  
Ah, thoughtless Fair! the tempting draught refuse  
When thus forewarn'd by my experienc'd Muse:  
Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,  
Nor hazard future pains for present joy;



Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,  
A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.

Thus through each precept of the dancing art  
The Muse has play'd the kind instructor's part;  
Through ev'ry maze her pupils she has led,  
And pointed out the surest paths to tread.  
No more remains; no more the Goddess sings,  
But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings.  
On downy beds the weary dancers lie,  
And Sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye:  
Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,  
And ev'n in sleep they seem to dance once more.

And now the work completely finish'd lies,  
Which the devouring teeth of time defies.  
Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,  
Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd;  
As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear  
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear,  
So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse  
These useful lines of my instructive Muse:  
Each Belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,  
And each bright Beau shall read them—if he can.





THE  
PROGRESS OF LOVE,

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

BY G. LORD LYTTELTON.

*Uncertainty.* Eclogue I.

To Mr. Pope.

POPE! to whose reed beneath the beechen shade  
The Nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid,  
While yet thy Muse content with humbler praise  
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays,  
Tho' now sublimely borne on Homer's wing  
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing,  
Wilt thou with me revisit once again  
The crystal fountain and the flow'ry plain?  
Wilt thou indulgent hear my verse relate  
The various changes of a Lover's state,  
And while each turn of passion I pursue,  
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?—

To the green margin of a lonely wood,  
Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,  
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,  
Full of the image of his beauteous Maid;  
His flock far off, unfed, untented lay,  
To ev'ry savage a defenceless prey;



No sense of int'rest could their Master move,  
And ev'ry care seem'd trifling now but Love :  
Awhile in pensive silence he remain'd,  
But tho' his voice was mute, his looks complain'd;  
At length the thoughts within his bosom pent  
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

'Ye Nymphs! he cry'd, 'ye Dryads! who so long  
Have favour'd Damon and inspir'd his song,  
For whom retir'd I shun the gay resorts  
Of sportful cities and of pompous courts,  
In vain I bid the restless world adieu  
To seek tranquillity and peace with you!  
Tho' wild Ambition and destructive Rage  
No factions here can form, no wars can wage,  
Tho' Envy frowns not on your humble shades,  
Nor Calumny your innocence invades,  
Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,  
Too often violates your boasted rest;  
With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,  
And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

' Ah ! luckless day ! when first with fond surprise  
On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes ;  
Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,  
Then reason, liberty, at once were lost,  
And every wish, and thought, and care, was gone,  
But what my heart employ'd on her alone.  
Then too she smil'd ; can smiles our peace destroy,  
Those lovely children of Content and Joy ?  
How can soft Pleasure and tormenting Woe  
From the same spring at the same moment flow ?  
Unhappy boy ! these vain inquiries cease,  
Thought could not guard nor will restore thy peace ;



Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,  
And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.  
Come, flatt'ring Memory! and tell my heart  
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art  
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,  
Confirm her pow'r and faster bind my chain.  
If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band,  
To me alone she gave her willing hand;  
Her partial taste if e'er I touch'd the lyre  
Still in my song found something to admire;  
By none but her my crook with flow'rs was crown'd,  
By none but her my brows with ivy bound;  
The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,  
The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.  
When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire  
In words as soft as passion could inspire,  
Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,  
Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu,  
The frightened hind who sees his ripen'd corn  
Up from the roots by sudden tempest torn,  
Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,  
Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.  
Ah! how have I deserv'd, inhuman Maid!  
To have my faithful service thus repaid?  
Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd  
But dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceiv'd?  
Or did you only nurse my growing love  
That with more pain I might your hatred prove?  
Sure guilty treachery no place could find  
In such a gentle, such a gen'rous mind;  
A Maid brought up the woods and wilds among  
Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:



No! let me rather think her anger feign'd,  
 Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;  
 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,  
 And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.'

Pleas'd with this flatt'ring thought the love-sick  
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy: [boy  
 Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd  
 When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd;  
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,  
 And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

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Hope. Eclogue II.

To Mr. Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis.

HEAR, Doddington, the notes which shepherds sing,
 Like those that warbling hail the genial Spring:
 Nor Pan nor Phœbus tunes our artless reeds;
 From Love alone their melody proceeds:
 From Love Theocritus on Enna's plains
 Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains;
 Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
 Could charm each ear and soften ev'ry heart;
 Me too his Pow'r has reach'd, and bids with thine
 My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join.¹

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
 No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,

¹ Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love verses which have never been published. *Lyttelton.*

But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

‘Blest be the hour,’ he said, ‘that happy hour,
When first I own’d my Delia’s gentle pow’r!
Then gloomy discontent and pining care
Forsook my breast and left soft wishes there;
Soft wishes there they left and gay desires,
Delightful languors and transporting fires.
Where yonder Limes combine to form a shade
These eyes first gaz’d upon the charming Maid;
There she appear’d on that auspicious day
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
She led the dance—Heavens! with what grace she
mov’d!

Who could have seen her then and not have lov’d!
I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
But glory’d in a happy captive’s name;
Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

‘And art thou then, fond youth! secure of joy?
Can no reverse thy flatt’ring bliss destroy?
Has treach’rous Love no torment yet in store?
Or hast thou never prov’d his fatal pow’r?
Whence flow’d those tears that late bedew’d thy
cheek?

Why sigh’d thy heart as if it strove to break?
Why were the desert rocks invok’d to hear
The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
From Delia’s rigour all those pains arose—
Delia! who now compassionates my woes,
Who bids me hope, and in that charming word
Has peace and transport to my soul restor’d.

Begin, my pipe! begin the gladsome lay,
A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay;
A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
Giv'n with forc'd anger and disguis'd content.
No laureate wreaths I ask to bind my brows
Such as the Muse on lofty Bards bestows;
Let other swains to praise or fame aspire,
I from her lips my recompense require.

‘ Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
Light gales have chas'd the late impending shower,
Th' emerging Sun more bright his beams extends;
Oppos'd its beauteous arch the rainbow bends;
Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay;
The birds renew their songs on every spray.
Come forth, my love! thy shepherd's joys to crown:
All nature smiles — will only Delia frown?

‘ Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
While ev'ry flow'r of ev'ry sweet they drain:
See how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,
The shelter'd herds on flow'ry couches sleep:
Nor bees nor herds are half so blest as I
If with my fond desires my love comply;
From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

‘ Ah how, my dear! shall I deserve thy charms?
What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms!
A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;
From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
And bears the fortunate Canaries' name;
In all our woods none boast so sweet a note,
Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat:

Accept of this, and could I add beside
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide;
If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
On thee alone their glitt'ring pride should shine:
But if thy mind no gifts have pow'r to move,
Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove;
The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
Shall come sweet suppliants for their fav'rite swain;
For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
His music calls to dance the night away.

And you, fair Nymphs! companions of my love,
With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
And let her often hear her shepherd's name:
Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight,
And shew my merits in the fairest light;
My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
And ev'ry friend shall claim a different lay.

‘But see! in yonder glade the heav'nly Fair
Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air!—
Ah! thither let me fly with eager feet:
Adieu, my pipe! I go my love to meet.
Oh! may I find her as we parted last,
And may each future hour be like the past!
So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
Propitious Venus! on thy altars bleed!

Jealousy. Eclogue III.

To Mr. Edward Walpole.

THE Gods, O Walpole! give no bliss sincere:
Wealth is disturb'd by care, and pow'r by fear.
Of all the passions that employ the mind,
In gentle love the sweetest joys we find;
Yet e'en those joys dire Jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
Oh! may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,
And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse! and Damon's woes rehearse
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse!

On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
Anxious he lay with jealous cares oppress,
Distrust and anger lab'ring in his breast—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
Here half-conceal'd in trees a cottage stands;
A castle there the op'ning plain commands:
Beyond, a town with glitt'ring spires is crown'd,
And distant hills the wide horizon bound.
So charming was the scene, a while the swain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;
But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:

His flow'ry wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore.

Then cry'd : ' may all thy charms, ungrateful
maid!

Like these neglected roses droop and fade!
May angry Heav'n deform each guilty grace
That triumphs now in that deluding face!
Those alter'd looks may ev'ry shepherd fly,
And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!

' Say, thou Inconstant! what has Damon done
To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?
Tell me what charms you in my rival find
Against whose pow'r no ties have strength to
bind!

Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
To conquer your disdain, and merit love?
Has he with transport ev'ry smile ador'd,
And dy'd with grief at each ungentle word?
Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease;
He pleas'd you by not studying to please;
His careless indolence your pride alarm'd;
And, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.

' Oh! pain to think another shall possess
Those balmy lips which I was wont to press!
Another on her panting breast shall lie,
And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye!
I saw their friendly flocks together feed;
I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead;
Would my clos'd eyes had sunk in endless night
Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
Where'er they pass be blasted every flower!
And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!—

Ah, wretched Swain! could no examples move
Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas¹ dy'd,
A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain:
Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,
And all things mourn'd but the relentless maid.
Would I could die like him and be at peace!
These torments in the quiet grave would cease;
There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
And rest as if my Delia still were kind.
No! let me live her falsehood to upbraid!
Some God perhaps my just revenge will aid—
Alas! what aid, fond swain! wouldst thou receive?
Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?
Protect her Heav'n! and let her never know
The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe!
I ask no vengeance from the pow'rs above,
All I implore is never more to love—
Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
Come, cool Indifference! and heal my breast;
Weary'd at length I seek thy downy rest:
No turbulence of passion shall destroy
My future ease with flatt'ring hopes of joy.
Hear, mighty Pan! and all ye Sylvans! hear
What by your guardian Deities I swear—
No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
No more I'll court the trait'ress to my arms;

¹ See Mr. Gay's Dione.

Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
And she shall find that reason conquers love!

Scarce had he spoke when through the lawn
Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go; [below
At once transported he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow)
Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
He found her kind and soon believ'd her true.

Possession. Eclogue IV.

To Lord Cobham.

COBHAM! to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing,
Tho' far unequal to those polish'd strains
With which thy Congreve charm'd the list'ning
 plains,
Yet shall its music please thy partial ear,
And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were
 dear;

Recall those years which time has thrown behind,
When smiling Love with Honour shared thy mind,
When all thy glorious days of prosp'rous fight
Delighted less than one successful night:
The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore;
Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er,
And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
This theme may help to cheat the Summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood;

To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd
In friendly league to favour humankind.
With wanton Cupids in that happy shade
The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd;
Nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train
Lurk'd sick Disgust or late-repenting Pain:
Nor Force nor Int'rest join'd unwilling hands,
But Love consenting ty'd the blissful hands.
Thither with glad devotion Damon came,
To thank the Pow'rs who bless'd his faithful
flame:

Two milkwhite doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
' Hail, bounteous God! before whose hallow'd
shrine

My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove:
And hail to thee! fair Queen of young desires!
Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires
Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
As fondly languish and as fiercely burn!

' Oh! the dear bloom of last propitious night!
Oh! shade, more charming than the fairest light!
Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
Then all my pains one moment overpaid!
Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
Thou too, bright Goddess! once in Ida's grove
Didst not disdain to meet a Shepherd's love:
With him while frisking lambs around you play'd,
Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade:

Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

' What are ye now ! my once most valu'd joys,
Insipid trifles all and childish toys !—

Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.

' Ye Muses ! skill'd in ev'ry winning art,
Teach me more deeply to engage her heart :
Ye Nymphs ! to her your freshest roses bring,
And crown her with the pride of all the spring !
On all her days let health and peace attend !
May she ne'er want nor ever lose a friend !
May some new pleasure ev'ry hour employ,
But let her Damon be her highest joy !

' With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
All night caress thee and admire all day ;
In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead ;
Together will we share the harvest toils,
Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
Delightful state ! where peace and love combine
To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine !
Here limpid fountains roll through flow'ry meads,
Here rising forests lift their verdant heads—
Here let me wear my careless life away,
And in thy arms insensibly decay !

' When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
And our slow pulses dance with joy no more ;
When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair,
Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death
At one soft stroke deprive us both of breath !

May we beneath one common stone be laid,
And the same cypress both our ashes shade!
Perhaps some friendly muse in tender verse
Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse,
And future ages, with just envy mov'd,
Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.'

The Monody will be found in the next Number.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

In Imitation of a Greek Idyllium.

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
The setting Sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost:
And, on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change! the winds grow high!
Impending tempests charge the sky!
The lightning flies, the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores!
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head and wings her flight:

And trembling vows she 'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I,
Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good humour drest;
When gentle reason rules thy breast;
The Sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee;
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love:
I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip and wat'ry eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh;
'Tis then thou art yon angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back;
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

PRIOR.

TO CLOE WEEPING.

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe! see
The world in sympathy with thee!
The cheerful birds no longer sing;
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrows in a shower.
The brooks beyond their limits flow;
And louder murmurs speak their woe.
The Nymphs and swains adopt thy cares;
They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantastic nymph! that grief should move
Thy heart obdurate against love.
Strange tears! whose pow'r can soften all,
But that dear breast on which they fall.

The same.

THE END.

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The Shipwreck

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